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Puerto Rico: The Best Answer to Castro

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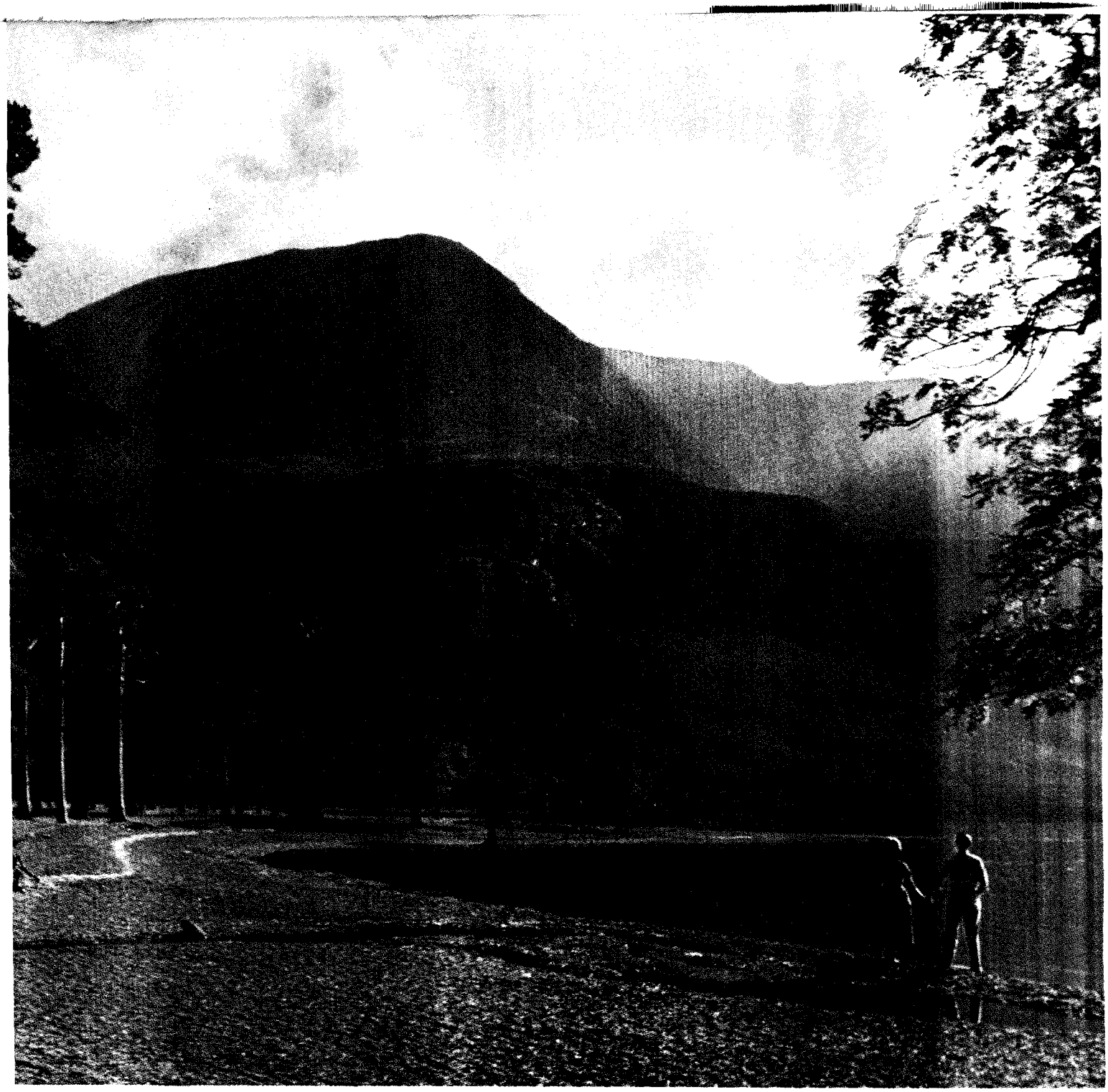

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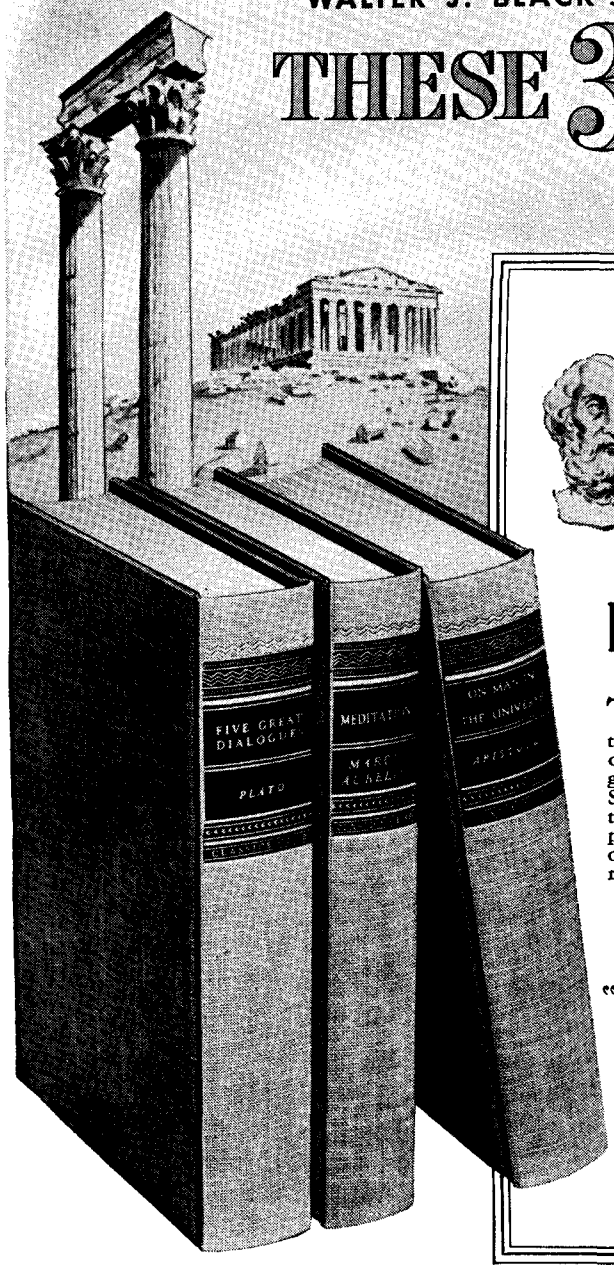

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Now that the long electoral season is over, **Max Ascoli's** editorial is a sort of devotional exercise to the wisdom of our Constitution—that once more we have survived the messy period of election and transfer of power. But, of course, now that we return to normal times, our institutions are just about as good as the men who work for them. The men of the Kennedy administration seem to have something in common with their leader and President: they are nearly all fairly young, and yet at the same time they have not suffered any of the traumas of precocity.

DURING these last few months our Communist enemies have been probing all the soft spots of the western alliance: the Congo, Cuba, and particularly that part of southeast Asia that was Balkanized by the Geneva Agreement of 1954, which settled, or pretended to settle, the war of Indo-China by splitting what was French Indo-China into the two republics of North and South Vietnam and the two little kingdoms of Laos and Cambodia where every politician is a prince. The régime of President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam is described by **Stanley Karnow,** an American correspondent in the Far East and former Nieman Fellow at Harvard, where he concentrated on economic and political problems in underdeveloped countries. Diem is certainly a remarkable character. He is ardently nationalistic; indeed, he is so devoted to his concept of national independence that he has been kind enough to accept military and economic assistance from the United States—but not too much advice. . . . Communist operations in South Vietnam are still in the infiltration and banditry stage. In Laos, however, the situation is different, given the indescribable weakness of that country and at the same time the vital character of its strategic position. One has only to look at the map to see what would happen if the Communists took over Laos. The only resolute ally we have in this area is Thailand; and as **Darrell Berrigan,** editor of the Bangkok *World,* says, the Thais, while still determined to fight if there has to be a fight, are becoming impatient with American indecision.

OUR WASHINGTON EDITOR, **Douglass Cater,** went to Puerto Rico on a busman's holiday shortly after our own elections and studied the strange phenomenon of the clerical party there. This is the first rounded description we have published about the political situation in this island that is so important to us. But we shall certainly have occasion to discuss its affairs further. . . . **Marya Mannes** contributes another article in her series on New York. . . . Henry ("Good Jelly") Jones of Nashville is a restaurateur, bootlegger, and ward-heeling politician in the Southern Negro tradition. The days of Good Jelly and his kind are numbered, and a good thing too. Nevertheless, as **David Halberstam** of the New York *Times* Washington bureau shows, Good Jelly Jones —"Uncle Tom" and "back-door Negro" though he may be to some—has been a good friend to his people in his own way. . . .

President Tito's announcement of a new constitution for Yugoslavia, scheduled for adoption in 1962, prompts **Alvin Z. Rubinstein** to review the increasing democratization and decentralization of the Yugoslav brand of Communism. Mr. Rubinstein is assistant professor of political science at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania. . . . It seems to us that too rarely are Nikita Khrushchev's boasts thrown back in his face. **Isaac Deutscher** finds ample occasion to do so in reviewing the present undeniably serious crisis in Soviet agriculture.

Frank O'Connor's reminiscence of the civil war that followed the Irish Revolution is excerpted from his *An Only Child,* which will soon be published by Knopf. . . . **Francis Steegmuller,** among whose works is a translation of *Madame Bovary* (Random House), discusses the thankless task of the translator. Mr. Steegmuller's most recent book is *The Christening Party* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). . . . **Marcus Cunliffe,** who teaches both in England and the United States, is the author of *George Washington: Man and Monument* (Little, Brown). . . . **George Steiner's** *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* is about to appear in a Vintage paperback. . . . **Pamela Hansford Johnson's** latest novel is *The Humbler Creation* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . **Gerald Weales** is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. His *Tale for a Bluebird* is published by Harcourt, Brace.

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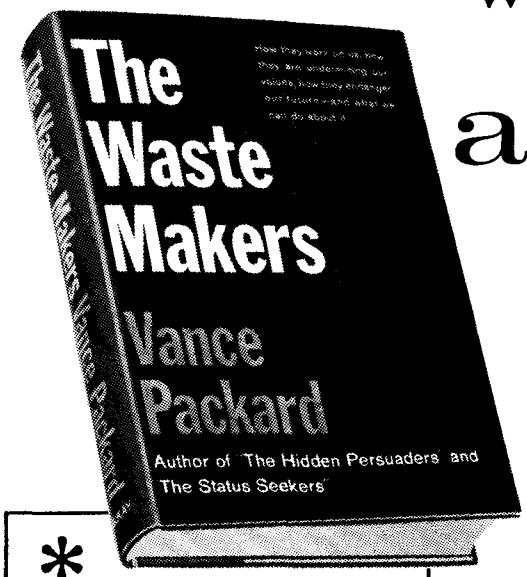

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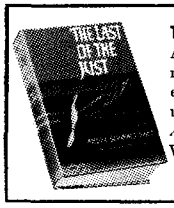

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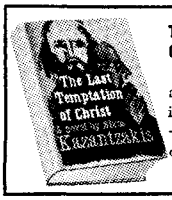

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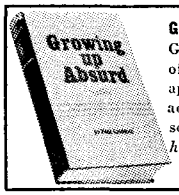

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GLOBAL P.R.

To the Editor: The article by Douglass Cater and Walter Pincus ("The Foreign Legion of U.S. Public Relations," *The Reporter*, December 22, 1960) was excellent. The abuses that are pointed out are dangerous because by definition a lot of money is available to promulgate them. A solid and mature public-relations account in the United States might make a budget of between $75,000 and $200,00 available to a legimate public-relations firm. Within the governmental perspective, this is peanuts.

The article points out that some of the abuses of P.R. practitioners in dealing with journalists are bad for the journalistic profession. I think the problem goes further than this. A basically intellectually dishonest public-relations program is bad for a democratic society, not just for the health of the journalistic field. This is a basic undermining of the normal flow of public opinion.

It seems to me that the public-relations firm dealing with a foreign government has a very special responsibility to attempt to get the facts and information out as honestly and overtly (rather than covertly) as possible.

We have some experience ourselves in this. On two occasions we were approached by intermediaries in relation to the Dominican Republic and the Castro Cuban government accounts to ask whether we would be interested in working for them. In both cases a "payoff" was involved, and in both cases we turned down the business because neither of them were clients whom we could wholeheartedly support and the proposed financial arrangements were unsavory.

WILLIAM RUDER
Ruder & Finn, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: I would like to point out two errors and object to the way in which my name was used in the Cater-Pincus article.

The Nicaragua junket mentioned by the authors took place in July, not August. It was paid for by the Nicaraguan government, not the public-relations firm of Max Rogel.

The junket came about through the invitation of the Nicaraguan government. There were no commitments made, no promises or obligations. The junket was not lush, plush, or luxurious, however. It was no heavily sought-after dream tour. It was rough going all the way.

I do not know the Nicaraguan government's motives for the junket, but I am certain I proved a disappointment to them public-relationswise. I could not buy Somoza as a dedicated democrat and I expressed this in so many words in an opening article and in subsequent items which appeared in my column.

JOHN R. MCBRIDE
New York *Mirror*

(Be that as it may, the Max Rogel firm's statement filed with the Justice Department lists an expenditure of $923.06 "excluding transportation" for the press-group trip to Nicaragua, which included John R. McBride of the New York Mirror.*)*

To the Editor: In the twenty-five years that I have been a working newspaperman I have watched with fascination the increasing flow into newspaper offices of the canned story and the parallel decline of the reporter who actually goes out to cover a story. This phenomenon has reached such proportions in New York City that a byline frequently means that the reporter has had the energy to pick up the phone to confirm a handout. Time was, of course, that reporters were eyewitnesses to what they wrote or they went out and interviewed live people. Now it's all done by mail and phone.

This easy-come journalist to some extent reflects changes in the business office—a shift from publishers who were once newspapermen themselves to businessmen and bookkeepers. Eager to make money, the modern publisher, with some notable exceptions, tries to pay as little as he can for the news product he sells the public.

ALDEN WHITMAN
New York

Erratum:
In a section of the Cater-Pincus article dealing with the Mutual Broadcasting System's agreement to present information that would "exemplify the stability and tranquility of the Dominican Republic," the Mutual program "Capital Assignment" was erroneously referred to as "Capitol Cloakroom."

EPHEBOI WILL BE BOYS

To the Editor: I don't quarrel with critics except when they question my language. Reviewing *Growing Up Absurd*, Alfred Kazin (*The Reporter*, December 22, 1960) says, "He speaks always of 'fellows,' 'lads,' 'boys,' 'kids,' and never of the actual social, economic, and racial categories among youth." What has the second clause to do with the first? Are there special words for Negro boys and white boys? or for poor boys and rich boys? He cannot mean that I fail to distinguish the problems of the different categories, since most of my chapters are explicitly structured precisely on these distinctions. What does he mean?

Perhaps he dislikes my using such words at all. Instead of what? I do not think he is much aware of the difficulty of writing a whole book about a large but quite limited class of humanity, males from six to twenty, avoiding

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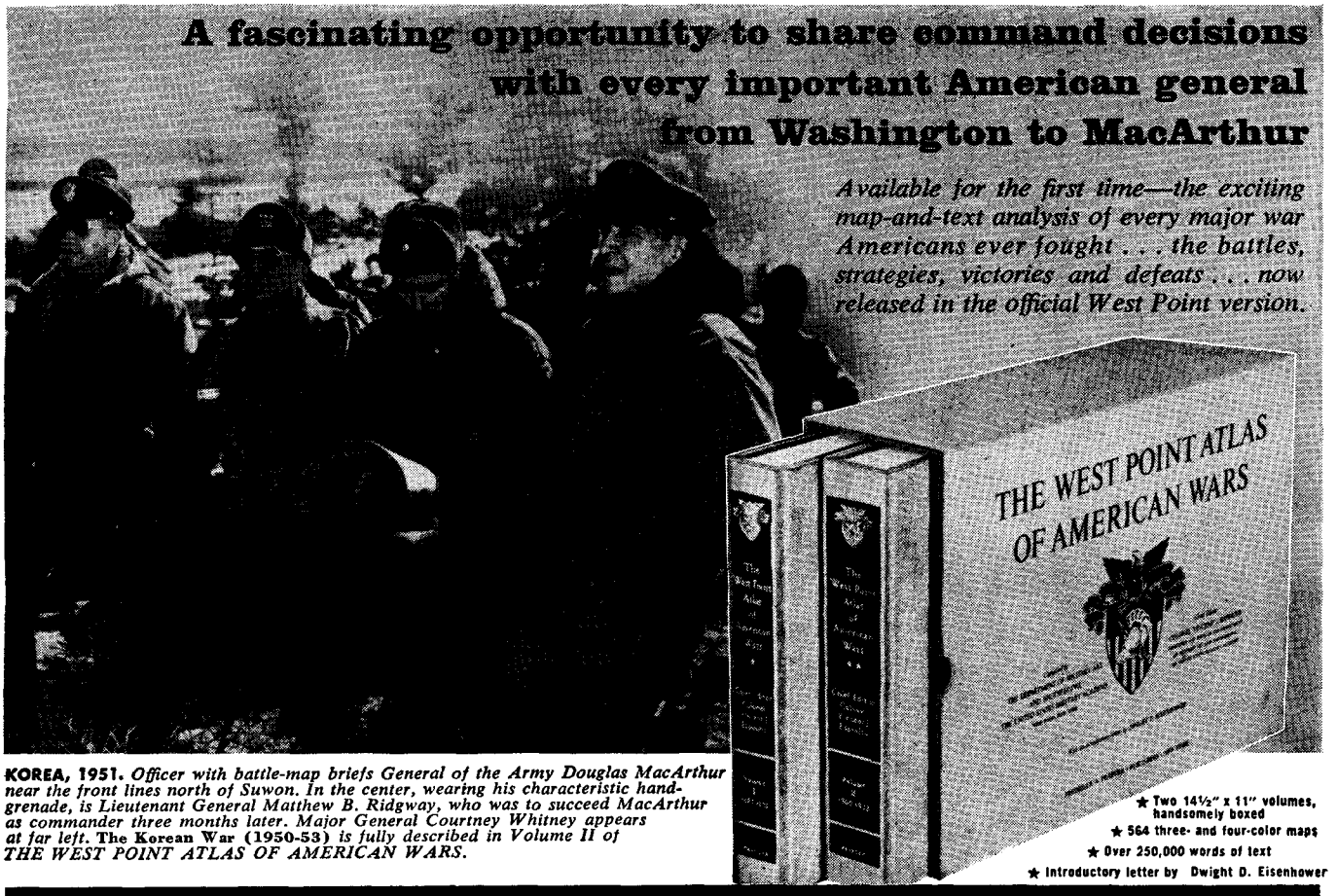

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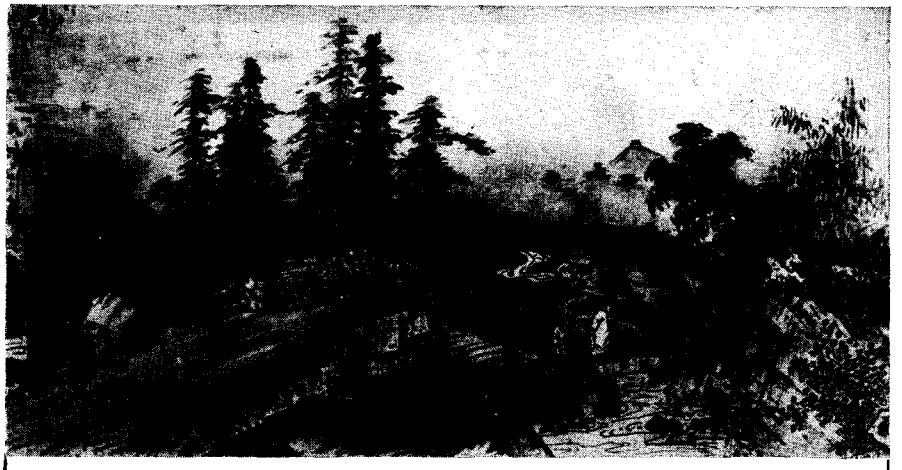

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monotony and making age distinctions when they are essential. "Youth" is good as a general term, as in Mr. Kazin's sentence or my subtitle. "A youth" is a little elegant but I often use it; unfortunately the plural, "youths," is too ugly in sound. When the dignity of the context warrants it, I say "young man" (like a high-school teacher to a new class). Very often I say "young people." "Children" I apply up to about age seven, "boys" from eight to fourteen and in the conventional context of "delinquent boys." But what word do we have for fifteen to twenty? "Juveniles" is right but it is not English. (The Greeks would have said "*epheboi*"). "Adolescents" I tend to restrict to a context of sexual maturing (eleven to fifteen), and "late adolescents" is awkward. "Teen-agers" is execrable, but the vogue of this neologism proves the point I am making.

So I lapse into "fellows" and other colloquialisms, and try to make them work by selecting them according to the feeling of each sentence. I say "fellows" when they might be playing ball or banding together and I am writing from their point of view. I say "lads" in the old-fashioned way when I feel romantically affectionate, or sometimes sarcastically when it is a young punk. I use "kids," the least satisfactory, when I am compassionate, pitying, patronizing, or contemptuous, as in "poor kids" or "stupid kids."

The difficulty of not *having* an available English word for the main thing you're talking about is really formidable. It is likely that Mr. Kazin does not much turn his attention to this age group, or he would recognize the verbal problem. Also, he must learn not to say "always" when the truth is about twenty-five per cent of the time. My guess is that any expression of feeling (on this subject) makes his hair stand up.

PAUL GOODMAN
New York

Mr. Kazin replies:

I will admit that I found Mr. Goodman's language (about forty per cent of the time, not always) loose and airily dogmatic. But in noting his reiteration of "youths," "fellows," "boys," "lads," I wasn't questioning his *language* as such; my point was that whatever his conscientious references to other social and economic categories, he shows a disdain for women and merely generalizes hard about middle-class "square" youths. Since the would-be offensiveness of his last sentence, otherwise not clear, can only be a reference to my supposed feeling (on this subject, as he puts it), Mr. Goodman has plainly understood me better than he pretends to do in his little disquisition on "the difficulty of not *having* an available English word . . ." But I haven't any feeling about it. I was merely accusing Mr. Goodman of a bit of special pleading.

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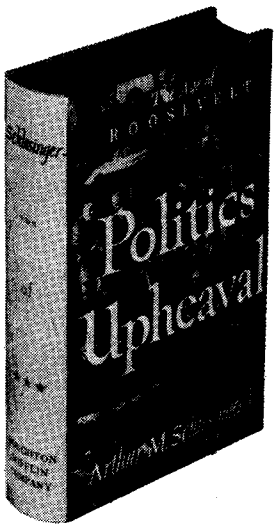

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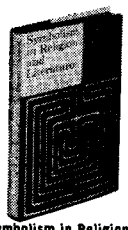

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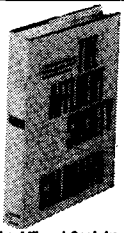

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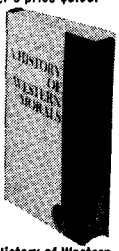

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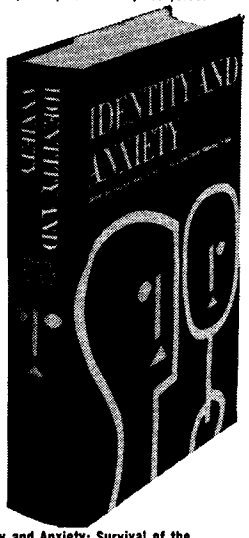

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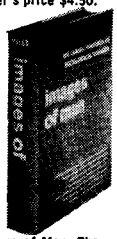

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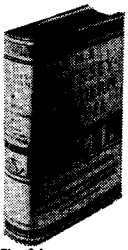

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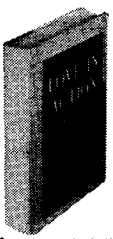

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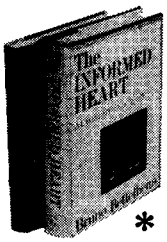

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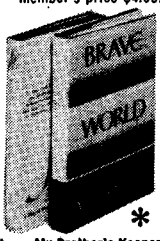

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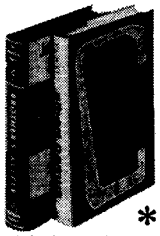

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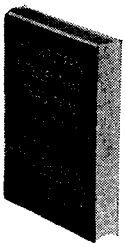

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Unchanging Guard

The new Congress was quickly engaged in its traditional fight over how it will go about doing what it has to do. This time, no matter what the technical settlement on the rules, there may be some changes made. On the House side, Mr. Sam is said to be taking a stern attitude toward the blockage on Judge Smith's Rules Committee. What Mr. Colmer, a committee member from Mississippi, forgot when he decided not to support the Democratic ticket last November was that he was voting against Rayburn's protégé, Lyndon Johnson. On such matters of personal privilege great affairs of state may turn.

Some of the young congressmen in the Democratic Study Group, which holds periodic informal strategy meetings under the chairmanship of Representative Chet Holifield of California, are displaying a restrained optimism. They point out that there are at least four groups that may help to split the old Republican-Southern Democratic coalition. Aside from the 140 members of the Study Group itself, there are the loyal Southern and other conservative Democrats who stuck by Kennedy and are annoyed with those, like Mr. Colmer, who didn't; the liberal Republicans, who have denounced Minority Leader Halleck's threat of a renewed coalition with the Southern Democrats; and the "Joe Martin" Republicans who are mad at Halleck for the crude way he deposed their man two years ago. Out of this ragtag assortment, a working majority may possibly be whipped together.

As for the outlook in the Senate, Vice-President Nixon, in his last days as Presiding Officer, has come up with some rather clever rulings to permit a vote on a procedure to end filibusters. There is strong sentiment in the Senate for allowing a three-fifths majority to impose cloture. But the forces of resistance, both to the idea and to Mr. Nixon, are also strong and entrenched. It would be a mistake to underestimate the last-ditch prowess of the Southerners,

UNDERGROUND

Listen to them, they're at it already:
"See the photo of Kennedy's Pop?
Dollars to doughnuts he's back in the picture,
Telling Sonny which way to hop."

"That little Caroline, look at the way she
Hogs the camera and steals the show—
Dollars to doughnuts she'll grow up a terror,
They're on the way to spoiling her so."

"Know the fellow he got from Harvard?
Liberal guy, economist?
He's one of the bunch against the H-Bomb—
You know, Pauling and all that list."

Now it's small talk, casually offered
By people who yearn Republican;
Dollars to doughnuts, one move forward
And they'll be bellowing—"That Man!"

—SEC

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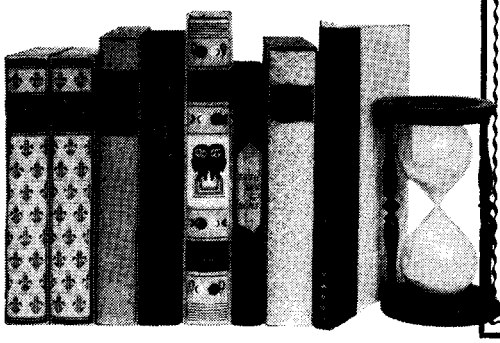

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who seem to be trained from birth in parliamentary evasion.

A scarcely less significant jockeying for position is taking place in the back rooms of the Senate leaders. The new majority leader, Mike Mansfield of Montana, shows, to put it mildly, uncertain promise. His first official act at the Conference of Senate Democrats was a gracious offer to give back the privilege of presiding to his predecessor, Vice-President-elect Johnson. Mr. Johnson also retains his sumptuous suite just outside the Senate Chamber as well as much of his retinue, while Mr. Mansfield proclaims that he is happy to go on working out of the upstairs cubbyhole he occupied as party whip. The new majority leader apparently cares little about leadership, deriving a greater sense of satisfaction from making daily pronouncements to the press on everything from changing the Electoral College to the reducing of our troops in Europe.

In the Senate's unstable new power alignment, a good many are looking with interest to Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, who takes over Mansfield's old position as Democratic whip. Humphrey, a practical liberal, gets along pretty well with the Senate's hierarchs and is Johnson's close friend. But he is nobody's rubber stamp. The decision to pick him for the new job, which reportedly had Kennedy's blessing, came as something of a surprise.

Any assessment of where Congress is headed must not fail to take account of what has been called the nationalization of Lyndon Baines Johnson. The former majority leader from Texas promises to be very much in the middle of things, both in and out of Congress. But according to this theory, Johnson has at last left Texas behind. The whole nation is his constituency now, and his eyes may well be fixed on 1968.

The Spoils of Office

At one point it was rumored that the new Postmaster General would be Representative William L. Dawson, seventy-four years old, whose chief claim to a Cabinet post seemed to be that he was a Negro. Then there were stories about Georgia's Governor Ernest Vandiver, a highly vocal segregationist, whose claim to serve as Secretary of the Army may have been strengthened by the fact that his uncle-in-law is Senator Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee. In both cases, the rumors did not originate in the President-elect's own office.

Mr. Kennedy has gotten out of both predicaments with extraordinary grace. In Dawson's case, there was an elaborately contrived story of offer and refusal, and Vandiver was also let down easy. Still the pressures continue, and there is no limit to the scope and versatility of the demands. Senator Price Daniel's brother would like to be governor of the Virgin Islands, a post ordinarily assigned to a native. One young man seeking a subcabinet position obviously far beyond his years and training was dismayed when it was pointed out to him that even under a forty-three-year-old President, some people are too young.

When to Call a Meeting

President Eisenhower's White House Conference on Aging ended January 12, eight days before the end of his term of office. The brief interval between these dates would seem to indicate that Mr. Eisenhower had no ambitious plans in mind for following up the conference's recommendations.

This latest gathering points up the futility of national conferences that are designed to study problems that have already been studied to death. President Eisenhower has called sixteen "White House" conferences and fifty-odd other national meetings that didn't quite merit that prestigious name. The 1,145 delegates to the National Conference on Water Pollution had barely got out of town before the Department of Health, Education and Welfare began setting up shop for the two thousand delegates to the White House Conference on Aging. We are persuaded that President Eisenhower really believed that gathering experts from the grass roots is the American way, but the record of Presidential restraint suggests that this can be a convenient way to consult the will of the people while avoiding decisions. As a candidate,

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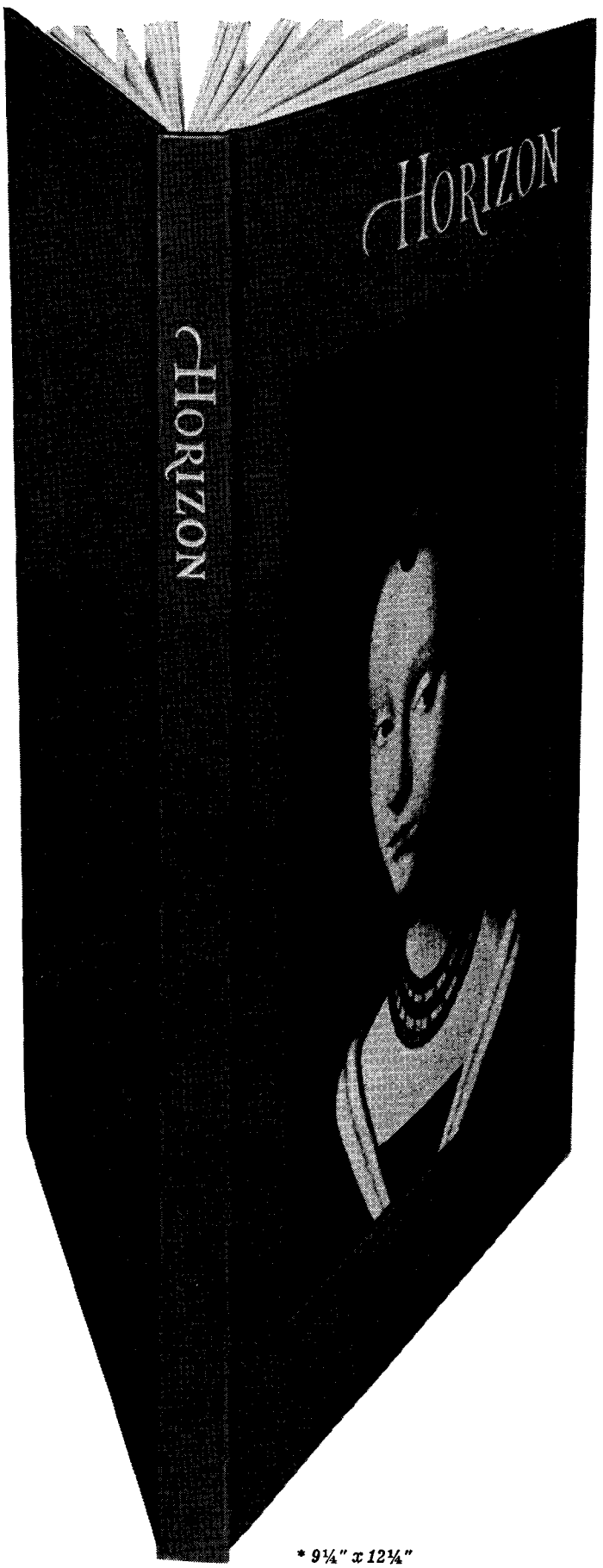

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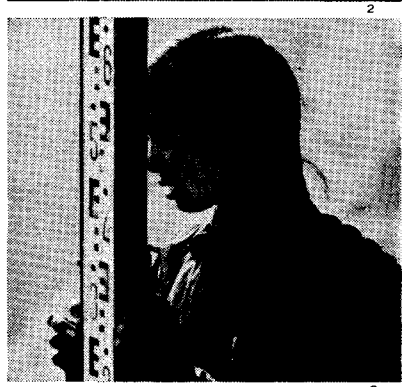

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3) Girl surveyor, member of the expedition which is uncovering THE SECRETS OF SAN MEN. Nigel Cameron tells what Chinese archaeologists have learned from dam excavations on the Yellow River.

4) A masterpiece from THE CHINESE IMPERIAL ART TREASURE. Superb color portfolio of Skira prints (individually printed and "tipped on" by hand) accompanies James Cahill's description of the extraordinary Palace Museum Collection.

5) Miami's Hotel Fontainebleau, one of THE PEOPLE'S PALACES examined by Marshall Davidson in his critique of American resort architecture.

6) GEORGE BALANCHINE. America's ballet master discusses his life and art in an illuminating interview with Ivan Nabokov and Elizabeth Carmichael.

7) An obscure lieutenant impersonates Field Marshal Montgomery at Gibraltar in 1944, successfully duping the Germans about Allied invasion plans—from Gilbert Highet's THE ART OF THE HOAX.

8) "Mask of Agamemnon," one of the prizes recovered from the "Golden Mycenae" of 1400 B.C. It supports Sir Maurice Bowra's thesis that HOMER'S AGE OF HEROES was not just legend but fact.

9) Sir Laurence Olivier in the role of *Richard III*, one of the memorable performances recalled by Tyrone Guthrie in GREATNESS IN THE THEATER.

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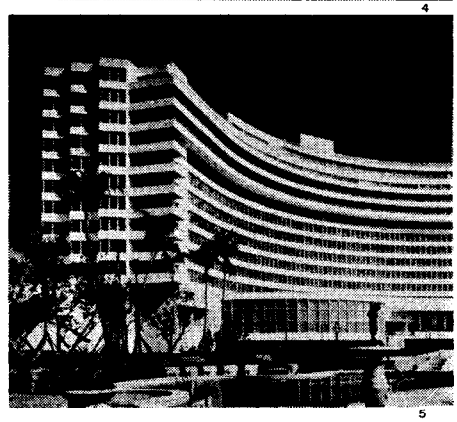

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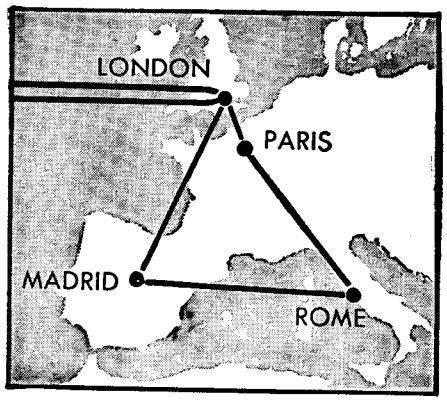

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Mr. Kennedy described the technique succinctly: "In the last eight years, confronted with some seventy-five different problems requiring action, this administration has promptly responded with some seventy-five different committees and conferences."

Reviewing the record of the last eight years, Mr. Kennedy may be understandably reluctant to call national conferences. The historical record suggests, however, that when the prestige of the Presidency is firmly used to focus expert opinion, the White House conference can be a significant instrument for shaping national policy. The first of the decennial White House Conferences on Children and Youth had such an impact that it led to the establishment of the U.S. Children's Bureau in 1912 and to the enactment of child-labor laws in several states. The fifth such conference, in 1950, figured in the U.S. Supreme Court's order to desegregate public schools; the court cited a conference report on the harmful effects of segregation on school children.

President Kennedy will be busy enough during his first year in office rolling back the White House rug to find all the problems that have been swept under it. Still, the time may come again when an aggressive leader in the White House decides to call a White House conference to goad Congress into passing new legislation.

These Things Were Said

¶ Washington: The Christmas lights etched brilliant patterns on the snow beside the stoop. The door swung open, wafting pine-scented air and the lyrical hi-fi strains of "Swan Lake." Just inside, smiles wreathing their relaxed faces, stood Pat and Dick Nixon to greet their invited guests . . . . If any bitterness lingered on, after the narrowest Presidential defeat of the century, it had been assiduously disguised for the evening . . . . A government official, pressing Pat's hand, told her he was convinced that the election had been "stolen." The Second Lady's laugh tinkled hollowly. "Isn't it a dreadful thing," she mused, "if in this great country we lack the right to have our ballots counted correctly? That will be a goal for Bobby Kennedy to set himself as Attorney General, won't it?" Another friend spluttered: "If the votes had been counted honestly in Texas and Cook County, Illinois, you can be sure the results would have been different." Pat's ramrod shoulders sagged for the merest moment as she replied: "Just those two states were all we needed. Think of it!" . . . . It was really nothing special as a party. The thing that made it different was the unchanging graciousness of Pat and Dick Nixon, their heads-high reaction to heart-breaking defeat, and their unquenchable sportsmanship. — *Ruth Montgomery in the New York Journal-American.*

¶ Senator Barry Goldwater, Arizona Republican, says that "where fraternities are not allowed, communism flourishes." He singled out Harvard University yesterday as a seat of learning that, he said, is a non-fraternity institution that permits Communist and Socialist philosophies to breed what he called a faithless generation . . . . In his speech he called the fraternity system "a bastion of American strength."—*AP dispatch.*

¶ Unexpectedly Adrian finds it necessary to accompany her husband on a trip to the Arizona desert, which she dreads. There she comes to grips with her fear of dry places, and her estrangement from the business world, through the unpracticed wisdom of a faith healer and the love of Raoul MacKittridge, a silent desert miner of strong convictions.—*From the dust jacket of "The Dry Place," a novel by Jeanne Davis.*

A Medal for the Dragon

Mr. Bill Hendrix, a long-time leader of the Ku Klux Klan in Florida, has just quit, with these farewell remarks: "I see no way to stop racial integration and it looks to me like the best thing to do is to accept it. Those in the Klan can only block it by illegal means. I'm not going to agree to such things as bombings and burning schools. But that's what the Klan is going to have to turn to unless it agrees to go along with the laws."

We don't remember any previous occasion for praise to a member of the Ku Klux Klan, but we now have one.

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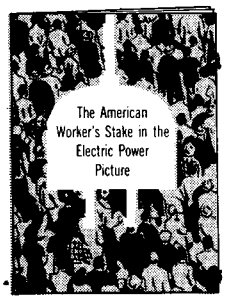

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Inauguration Day

Now that the long phase of virtual interregnum between the new and the old administrations is just about over, we can look with renewed gratitude upon our institutions. They have been subjected to an unprecedented, hard test from the moment the results of the election became known. The constitutional break of continuity in the nation's leadership gave our opponents abroad large opportunities for mischief, and they took good advantage of them from Laos to Cuba, just as they enjoyed the long election season when the full exercise of Presidential power was necessarily in abeyance. It is doubtful whether Khrushchev would have dared play the role of the world's paramount politician at the last session of the General Assembly, and inflict on the United Nations a harm that still seems beyond repair, if, to face him, there had been a President whose term of office was not coming to an end.

These periodic ritual changes of the guard, these consultations lasting months and months between two ill-defined would-be administrations and the American people, ending when the people choose—all these rules and traditions designed to keep a country free from tyranny sometimes seem to endanger the very freedom they are designed to preserve. Yet at the end, as we can see now, this is not so: the system serves the country well. The Russian people would be far better off if they could know why the rate of their agricultural production is going down sharply, and if they could ready themselves for the end of Khrushchev's term of office.

Thanks to our institutions, we now have a chance to take a fresh look at the state of our affairs both at home and abroad, with the full realization that the line of demarcation between the two realms has forever been erased. The men of the new administration are in primary but not exclusive charge of this fresh look in the different sectors to which they are assigned. The President, as the central overseer, will report to Congress and to the people, and propose the lines of action for which he is responsible.

Again, this is a good system—the best. Continuity with the past, far from being broken, is sealed anew, for the new men who take hold of government have the duty to learn from the mistakes or shortcomings of their predecessors. The men of the Kennedy administration have plenty of such educational opportunities. But this is not the time to criticize the policies of the Eisenhower era. This is the time to say good-by to the men who are leaving after having served the country as well as they could. Above all, it is at this time that we must start sizing up the new administration and the dangers it faces both within and outside its ranks.

The Young Middle-Aged

They are a rather curious lot, these men who have so far been appointed to the various departments and agencies of the government. It is generally stated that they are predominantly intellectuals, since quite a few of them have been professors, writers of books, or speechwriters for previous Presidential candidates. Among those men of learning there is even a dean—from Harvard, of course. Yet it would be difficult to define the ideological traits of these more or less brainy, more or less learned people.

Competency seems to be the prevailing characteristic; a quiet, soft-spoken knowledge of one's field, a solid possession of a background of learning, accompanied by a capacity to learn more. There has been so much talk about youth, and the spirit of the twentieth century asserting itself through young men born when the twentieth century was well on its way. To judge by this cluster of new men, the twentieth century would seem to be one where birth control of ideologies is extensively practiced. To be sure, a few of the members of Mr. Kennedy's official family have proved to be successful coiners of slogans. But this is something that hasn't much to do with ideologies, or maybe even with ideas. The wide circulation of such phrases as "take-off stage of economic development" or "affluent society" simply proves that Madison Avenue has no corner on the production and merchandising of clichés.

The Kennedy administration comes to power blissfully free of any high-sounding campaign commitments. Certainly there was more youthful crusading vigor in the Republican campaign of 1952, with all its talk of

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"liberation" and "rollback," and the end of the "negative, futile, and immoral policy of containment." The list could be very long, and not pleasing to retell these days. During his campaign, Mr. Kennedy hammered with great consistency mainly on one pledge: to move ahead. The nation ought to be grateful to him, even if his campaign was not exciting. The same can be said, we must add, about his opponent's campaign. These times may be too serious for exciting campaigns.

Moreover, we do not suffer from any scarcity of diagnoses of the nation's ills or of remedies for them. Ponderous reports on what's wrong with our diplomacy, our strategy, our educational system, on the slowing down of our economic growth, and on the lowering of our international prestige have been piling up. The findings have been summarized and codified, hashed and rehashed. For the most part, they are the result of collective nonpartisan thinking. To their compilation and codification some men now prominent in the Kennedy administration greatly contributed. But there was no follow-up to all these detailed, sober recommendations on how to reset our country's course. This the earnest, competent men working under a dedicated young President will have to do.

The Partisans of Sunrise

During these last few years, the dictates of certified political wisdom have run the danger of turning into commonplaces for want of action. But a number of other commonplaces have been circulating that are not the result of wisdom gone stale. As we are now entering the era when long-established desiderata are to become operational, it is not too early to start separating the wheat from the chaff.

It has been stated *ad nauseam* by well-meaning people that we must identify ourselves with the liberation movements in every underdeveloped area. This startling message was recently brought home by Senator Moss of Utah after a tour of Africa with some of his colleagues. What it means we fail to see, unless it is the equivalent of proclaiming that each day at dawn we should identify ourselves with the cause of sunrise. The liberation movements are something that do not need support and do not tolerate antagonism. Rather, as the most powerful nation of the West, we should constantly ask: after liberation, what? How can the sovereignty of a new nation emerging from colonialism find its validation in solvency? How can new nations establish federal bonds among themselves so as to become viable, independent partners in the international community?

Nationalism, no matter whether of the Communist or the anti-Communist variety, is not synonymous with virtue, and does not necessarily mean a genuine concern with the people's welfare. National independence as a goal in itself, like decolonization as a goal in itself—these are policies that Khrushchev has every possible reason to pursue. The larger the number of unviable new nations, all duly admitted to the U.N., the more thorough and more violent the break between the new nations and their mother countries, the better for international Communism.

We, on the contrary, should have an entirely different goal: the transformation of colonial bondage into free association between the formerly colonial nations and the western mother countries—or the West at large. This is exactly the policy which Charles de Gaulle has steadily pursued in Africa, and which he is now trying to bring to ultimate completion in Algeria. Should de Gaulle fail for any reason, be it Moslem extremism armed by the Communists or revolution at home; should de Gaulle fall, the western coalition would receive a blow at least comparable to losing Berlin. Yet there are well-meaning people in our midst, including some U.S. congressmen, who unblushingly advocate the cause of turning our back on France and giving our full support to the Algerian nationalists.

These are not inappropriate things to talk about in the days of festivity when the new administration goes to Washington. We have confidence in that administration and in the unglamorous competence of the men who compose it. But we must be aware that among its supporters in Congress and in the country there is what may be called a sappy fringe. The tendency to adopt a foreign nation or, in a more wholesale fashion, a faraway continent is very old and deep-rooted in our country, and certainly has got us into enough trouble, as in the case of China, which was long ago adopted by missionaries or sons of missionaries.

The men in the new administration perforce have to be men of action. Not much blueprinting is asked of them, for they have even too many blueprints to dust off and relearn. The most urgent job they face is the establishment of federal or confederal bonds among the nations of the western community. How and in what areas this has to be done, how the NATO alliance must be made into a political and economic commonwealth, all this has been stated too many times. The idea of the regional grouping of free peoples within the framework of the United Nations has been stressed by any number of national leaders, including President Eisenhower in his first inaugural. The only thing that's left is to do it, starting with and giving the example in the community we belong to. A few members of our community may have strayed or made mistakes, like Belgium or Portugal, which is in fact still straying. But our first obligation is to advise and assist the nations whose civilization we share.

The 20th of this month can be a great day in our nation's history if in taking the oath of office President Kennedy realizes that, together with the Presidency of the United States, he is assuming the leadership of the West. We devoutly hope that this realization will be clear in his mind and will dictate his actions.

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Diem Defeats His Own Best Troops

STANLEY KARNOW

SAIGON

AT THREE one humid morning last November, three battalions of paratroopers surrounded the handsome Saigon palace of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem. Within thirty-six hours, their attempted revolt had been crushed. The rebel chiefs fled to sanctuary in Cambodia, and the rebel troops themselves, forced to surrender, tactfully reaffirmed their allegiance to the régime. Bullet holes in buildings were quickly plastered in. The dead were discreetly buried. President Diem, who has survived several serious scrapes in his six years of power, emerged from the fortified cellar of his palace with another narrow triumph to his credit. "The government continues to serve the nation," he intoned confidently, and his spokesmen dismissed the abortive *coup d'état* as merely "an incident."

So it was—just an incident. But it was the most dramatic symptom to date of a deeper disturbance that has plagued South Vietnam for a year or more. Beneath the appearance of calm and stability, and despite all the government's assurances of security, President Diem's régime may well be approaching collapse, and with such a collapse, the country could fall to the Communists. "The situation is desperate," an official told me a few weeks ago.

Bands of Communist guerrillas, directed from Hanoi in North Vietnam, roam almost every rural region, blowing up bridges, blocking roads, terrorizing farmers, and attacking army posts. This menace has been compounded by the demoralization of the peasants, the army, and what the French-oriented Vietnamese call *"les intellectuels."* Most serious of all, perhaps, is President Diem's own attitude. He seems to have survived the revolt with his ego unscathed and his faith in his own infallibility renewed.

DIEM is a complex personality. From his mixed Catholic and Confucian background evolved a combination of monk and mandarin, a kind of ascetic authoritarian. He is a deceptively dainty-looking man; in fact, he is tough and obstinate. To a significant degree, his stubborn self-righteousness saved a régime that most "experts" considered lost back in 1955, after the Geneva Agreement had divided South Vietnam at the seventeenth parallel. Amply bolstered by American sympathy and material aid—which has totaled more than a billion dollars in the past five years—he successfully fought off the insurgent sects, consolidated a government, welcomed and resettled almost a million refugees from the Communist North. He initiated a land-reform program and embarked upon such ambitious projects as building roads and railways, extending agricultural credit, and establishing light industries.

In all his energetic enterprises, the fixation in Diem's mind has been survival. But in his concentration on survival, Diem seems to have paralyzed rather than inspired those around him. He demands absolute loyalty and has developed an inability or unwillingness to trust others. Instead, fearful of betrayal, impatient with any initiative by underlings, he has gathered all power to himself, and working as much as fifteen hours a day, he plunges into the most minute details of administration, personally signing passport applications, reserving for himself the right to approve a student's scholarship to the United States. He has even been known to decide on the distance between roadside trees.

This sort of one-man rule is not uncommon in underdeveloped countries that lack trained personnel. But it discourages the development of a responsible civil service, and it can inspire minor officials to all sorts of red tape and pettifoggery. Without any balanced administrative structure, officials turn to the most convenient source of power. Here, Diem's family—he does trust them—display their peculiar talents. They

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have succeeded in building a partly public, partly clandestine structure inside and outside the government. On this, Diem's power rests.

One of the President's brothers, the mysterious Ngo Dinh Can, lives in Hué, and from there controls central Vietnam. He exercises much of his authority through the National Revolutionary Movement, the pro-government political party. Another brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, whom Diem trusts implicitly and relies upon constantly, is probably the most powerful single individual in the country after Diem himself. Educated in Paris and the leading native civil servant under French rule, Nhu is a handsome, articulate, passionate, voluble intellectual. Speaking elegant French in a voice that sometimes whines with emotion, he will declaim at length on one of his favorite subjects, the "problems of the underdeveloped country." This includes an exposition of the theory that "freedom must not prevent the march of progress."

There is considerable validity to Nhu's notion. But his ideas in action are somewhat more questionable. He has certainly helped to curtail freedom, but it is not so sure that he has done much to promote progress. He directs an avowedly clandestine movement called the Can Lao Nhan Vi—the "Revolutionary Labor Party"—which, he concedes frankly, is organized along the lines of a Communist apparatus. Its seventy thousand secret members have been infiltrated into factories, villages, government offices, army units, schools, and newspapers, where they spend part of their time collecting information about their compatriots. Nhu's pretty wife—commonly called Madame Nhu, though the family surname is Ngo—commands the ladies' auxiliary.

Although there is not a single shred of evidence against them, Nhu and his wife are believed to be at the heart of most major corruption in the country. Through his Can Lao, Nhu is said to control the wood and charcoal trade, and there are tales of his investments in Brazil, France, and Switzerland. When the Nhus are confronted with stories of their supposed venality, they simply issue denials. "It's the diplomats," Madame Nhu told me huffily during a recent chat. "They have nothing better to do than gossip. I just ignore them." Her husband tends to protest more vigorously. "Foreign powers are against us," he insists. "Everyone picks on poor little Ngo Dinh Diem and his brothers. Why? Maybe it's because we are Catholic. I don't know. But these rumors of our corruption, our stealing—all lies. Nobody has any proof."

Eight Hundred Murders a Month

One way or the other, however, everyone believes that the Nhus are corrupt (everyone, that is, but Diem himself, who will not even listen to charges against his family). The real or imaginary, or total or partial, misconduct of Diem's family is serious because it coincides with a period of tension generated by increased Communist terrorism. And as Communist terrorism became more acute, the growing uneasiness and insecurity

sparked more vocal dissatisfaction which, not long ago, began to spread beyond the family to criticism of Diem himself.

The current Communist offensive against South Vietnam began to build up as early as September, 1959. Communist guerrillas opened their operations with teams of fifty or more, soon increasing to company strength of a hundred—their largest groups since they fought the French. They had French, British, and American weapons hidden since wartime days; newer arms—some of Czech or Chinese origin—and fresh recruits were brought in from the north.

The first big push came last January. One night, attacking in company force, the Communists raided a regimental headquarters at Tay Ninh, northwest of Saigon, and killed thirty-four Vietnamese soldiers sleeping off their Chinese-style New Year's celebration. Soon they were fanning out through the southern delta, hitting army posts, ambushing troops, terrorizing local village chiefs. It is no longer safe to travel without escort in many parts of the country, and the important commercial highway between Saigon and Phnompenh is often closed. The Communists are, at present, killing about eight hundred people per month—rural officials, troops, police, and ordinary peasants. In recent weeks they have reportedly destroyed some fifty bridges in the delta area and they have killed an American military adviser—mainly as a demonstration of their strength.

Communists guerrillas are believed to number about six thousand at the moment. Reliable intelligence sources describe them as highly mobile and extremely well acquainted with the local countryside, and there is no place in the southern delta they cannot effectively control. But they apparently do not always consider it advantageous to be aggressive. Well aware of Mao Tse-tung's art of partisan warfare, they seem to recognize that a hostile population would be to their detriment. Thus they scout villages carefully. When they take one, they hold it long enough to deliver political lectures and distribute pamphlets, then leave behind them the threat of execution if they do not get co-operation. By "co-operation" they mean information and food, perhaps recruits, maybe medical care.

THE SOUTH VIETNAM ARMY of 150,000 men, supported by American aid and trained by American advisers, seemed to lack sufficient instruction for the kind of conflict they had to fight. As in Laos and Thailand, they had been taught conventional, western methods of warfare, and they were outfitted with tanks, armored cars, and artillery.

Not until last spring—after some squabbling among various American services—was an anti-guerrilla school created in South Vietnam. But most of the army has not begun to unlearn its earlier instruction, and in many areas troops will not move at anything less than battalion or regiment strength, accompanied by elab-

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orate armor. A more hopeful program in South Vietnam was the recent creation of a corps of thirty thousand civil guards, armed with shotguns and radios to get help when Communist partisans are sighted. They have not been operating long enough to have proved their value.

If they are to be successful, however, Diem will have to alter part of his political and administrative structure, which has seriously hindered the fight against the Communists. In each of the thirty-eight provinces, for example, the civil guard is under the orders of a semi-autonomous province chief, who is directly responsible to the president alone but usually clears his moves with brothers Nhu or Can. Often the province chiefs exercise their peculiar right to deny their neighbors "hot pursuit" of guerrillas more than five kilometers into their territory. Similar rules and regulations hamstring the army. Units may only move within their own military districts, and lateral communications between districts are poor or nonexistent.

Still another stumbling block to effective military activity has been Diem's typical propensity to ignore his senior officers. Like a model-railroad enthusiast dispatching toy trains hither and yon, he occasionally picks up a telephone in his palace and capriciously orders a battalion to pack up and move five hundred miles, without informing anyone else of the directive and leaving all his subordinates wondering which troops are where.

The Rural Balance Sheet

In any conflict against guerrillas, however, the key to success or failure lies in the rural population, and in many regions of South Vietnam the peasants' attitude to the Diem régime seems to range between plain and "hostile" neutrality.

To some extent, the army has been at fault. It has tended—as the French did so often in Indo-China—to evacuate villages at night, thereby leaving peasants to the mercy of terrorists. Like most Oriental armies it has done its share of brutalizing peasants—raping, pillaging, torturing. And often it is caught in clever Communist traps. In the Mekong River delta a couple of months ago, for instance, a Communist band captured a junk-load of rice. They carried it to a nearby settlement and distributed it free to the people, thus winning a vote of gratitude. But to consolidate this tactic, disguised Communist agents went to army officers in the vicinity and told them where the captured cargo could be uncovered. Government troops were promptly dispatched to raid the village and confiscate the stolen rice, and the final score in this ruse was one more psychological victory for the Reds, one more psychological loss for the Diem régime.

AGGRAVATING this sort of fumbling, some of Diem's dramatic security decisions have fallen short. Late in 1959, for example, he devised a scheme to pull the peasants together in large agglomerations, officially to be called "prosperity centers" and commonly known as *agrovilles*. The laudable aim of these projects was to establish protected villages and, incidentally, to set up marketing cooperatives. Last spring, traveling with military escort, I drove down to an *agroville* at Vi Thanh, in the heart of the dangerous delta region. At first glance, it seemed magnificent compared to the scrubby farms I had seen along the way. Flanking a

canal for about four miles, it had ample bamboo-and-thatch houses, each with a large garden. There were ferries to take farmers to their fields, and in the town itself there was a power plant, a school, a dispensary, and a common market; and there were plans to stock the local canals with fish to give peasants another source of income between rice harvests.

But probing a bit more deeply into the story of Vi Thanh, I discovered some fatal flaws that, in practice, had made the entire scheme a detriment to South Vietnam's security—and perhaps explain why the government has abruptly dropped the whole *agroville* idea.

For one thing, the project ran directly counter to traditional social patterns in the region. Peasants in the delta area, unlike those in the north, have always lived on their land and not in villages. The swift and ruthless manner in which the *agrovilles* were created not only disrupted ancient customs, it also alienated more peasants than it could ever have protected. The ingenuous provincial official who was responsible for Vi Thanh was delighted to describe what he considered his achievement. In fifty days, beginning in December, 1959, with the help of the army he rounded up twenty thousand peasants—although they were in the midst of their rice harvest—and put them to work immediately. They were paid nothing, and many of them had to walk ten or twelve miles to and from the construction job every day. And when the *agroville* was finished, there was room in it for only 6,200 people, leaving some fourteen thousand others without their rice crop, without any payment for their work, and without any opportunity to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

On balance, there is no doubt that Diem has done a great deal for the South Vietnamese peasant. The accomplishments—credit, new seeds, irrigation projects, tax exemptions, land distribution, and the like—cannot be overlooked. But the individualistic, self-conscious farmer, like farmers everywhere in the world, has an inherent inclination to discount his blessings; and in critical times, such as the present, failings tend to gain greater currency than achievements.

In a different but no less serious way, the dissatisfaction of the peasants has been matched by the increasing disenchantment of Saigon's educated elite with Diem and his government.

FROM various conversations during the past year, I can only venture some opinions of the influences at

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work among the Saigon "intellectuals." Events in Korea last spring, which culminated in the overthrow of Syngman Rhee, had a profound and pervasive effect throughout Asia. In South Vietnam—as in Formosa—younger people were inspired with the fuzzy idea that they, like the Koreans, might be able to "do something," without ever specifying clearly what they wanted to do. Many, for example, would have liked to "do something" about government bureaucracy, and in many private talks, almost every Vietnamese I saw—including some public officials—vehemently wanted to "do something" about Diem's family and its influence. Several of these youths, lacking the right political connections for advancement, felt frustrated by the difficulties they encountered in trying to serve their country.

In all the recent Saigon grumbling, however, there has been surprisingly little demand for "democracy." The general displeasure, as I heard it, was with what the wits dubbed "Diemocracy"—the government's make-believe guarantees of civil liberties and fair elections. With much fanfare, extensive plans were worked out for National Assembly elections in August, 1959, and opponents of the government's National Revolutionary Movement were invited to run. But hardly had the campaign begun than opposition politicians encountered a variety of obstacles, such as having the wrong stamp or signature on their documents or displaying "illegal" placards. Those who managed to hurdle these barriers found themselves facing another block on election day. Contingents of troops were moved into Saigon, where the opposition was strongest; the troops were all under orders to vote for the government candidates.

Even so, a Harvard-educated opponent of the régime, Dr. Phan Quang Dan, somehow succeeded in winning a parliament seat. He was never able to assume it, however. With almost infantile pique, the government arrested him for such infractions as opening his campaign "too early," using "unauthorized posters," and making "false promises"; and despite appeals by three western ambassadors to Diem, Dr. Dan's election was annulled.

Although nobody was prepared to fight strongly for Dr. Dan, the government's action against him made Diem appear petty and peevish, and it diminished his prestige considerably. Last April, a group of eighteen former officials—among them several ex-ministers, the president of the Red Cross and, in spite of family ties, Madame Nhu's uncle—sent Diem a petition requesting that he "liberalize his régime, expand democracy, grant minimum civil rights," and reform the administration, the army, and the economy. Neither this modest appeal nor its signers could have been considered a menace to the régime.

Upon receipt of their petition, however, President Diem's first reaction was to have them arrested and sent to "political re-education camps," where an estimated 25,000 citizens are currently being shown the paths of righteousness. After some reflection, Diem decided to ignore them. But, coincidentally, about thirty obscure doctors, students, and journalists were picked up on suspicion of "Communist affiliations." To my knowledge, none of them—nor any other suspects—has ever been brought to trial. Frequent police roundups of this kind serve as a warning.

THE RUMBLING of disgruntlement throughout last spring and summer did not delude Diem and his government, and much of it sounded ominously like another South Korean episode in the making. Diem was extremely sensitive to this possibility, and a good deal of his irritation was directed toward the United States, which had taken a hand in removing Syngman Rhee and was, through its diplomats in Saigon, constantly trying to press upon him the urgent need for reforms.

But heads of state, however much aid they receive, are still aware of their sovereignty; indeed, the more impoverished and indebted they are, the more sensitive and stubborn they may be in resisting the advice or pressure of an American representative. Efforts with Diem elicited only an impatient rejection of "interference" in his domestic affairs. Obliquely, one of Diem's close aides described to me how the United States had "dislocated" South Korean society.

South Vietnam and South Korea are, it seems, parallels that do not meet. Korea had an organized opposition party, a body of fairly sophisticated students, and a group of independent army officers. In Vietnam, there has not been—and may still not be—any visible alternative to Diem except the Communists. As recently as a month or two ago, his most vociferous critics could not conceive of South Vietnam without him. "We cannot abandon him," one of them said, "but he must bring in reforms." There are several reasons to believe that the paratroopers who rebelled last year shared this feeling about Diem. They were frustrated and overworked. They were irritated by political meddling in their operations, and they blamed the government for failing to generate popular support in the countryside. Despite a later government propaganda campaign to vilify them—as "egomaniacs," "Communist and colonial agents," and the like—there is scarcely any doubt that the rebels were sincere.

Over and over again during their rebellion, the paratroop officers repeated the same theme: the régime needs overhauling so its fight against the Communists can be more effective. "If we allowed things to continue," a rebel captain explained, "it's obvious that this country would be Communist in a year."

The insurgent leaders were, first and foremost, soldiers. One of them, Lieutenant Colonel Vuong Van Dong, was a native of the north who had served with the French against Vietminh. His partner in the uprising was Colonel Nguyen Chanh Thi, commander of the country's three thousand paratroopers—a veteran who had helped save Diem's life in 1955, when the régime was attacked by the piratical Binh Xuyen and other sects. Since then, Colonel Thi had been so intimate with the Ngo family that Diem often referred to him as "my son." Neither these nor any of the other military men involved appear to have had political ambitions or much political acumen. They failed to follow the most elementary procedures of a *coup d'état*, such as seizing the radio station, blocking the roads into the city, or cutting communications. At the height of the fracas, for example,

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it was still possible to pick up a telephone and ring the palace switchboard. This evidence points to utter naïveté. It also points to a motive behind the façade of callowness. No experienced military men would have held back their troops for thirty-six hours from attacking the palace of the president they intended to overthrow—unless, of course, they did not intend to overthrow the president.

That, in my opinion, was the reason for their restraint. They were primarily attempting to pressure Diem into reform. In their only effort to see him, they went to the chief of the American military mission, and after outlining their grievances, asked for an escort to the president. Most Americans in Saigon were sympathetic to the rebels. But neither the general nor Ambassador Elbridge Durbrow could risk involvement in the revolt. They refused to arrange a meeting, and at no time during the episode did Diem and the insurgents confront each other. Although they skirmished with the palace guards, the rebels never made a frontal atack on the palace. Indeed, their conduct throughout—as a paratroop colonel described it at the time—was "gentlemanly."

President Diem, on the other hand, was playing to win. At the first rebel outbreak, he and his brother Nhu descended to the palace cellar, which had recently been equipped against the possibility of a siege. There, sitting at a table—now enshrined as *"la table de la victoire"*—Diem began sending radio messages to army units in the nearby countryside. This very practice of personally moving around troops, which so exasperated professional soldiers, became an essential element in his success. He managed to contact commanders in the south and north, and ordered them into Saigon to rescue him. They were slow in coming. To stall, Diem agreed to a whole list of reforms—civil liberties, free elections, a liberal economic program, a more effective offensive against the Communists, and other changes. He also promised to dismiss the government and form a new coalition cabinet, with himself as president. A tape recording of these decisions had barely been broadcast when his saviors arrived and, after some fierce fighting, sent the rebels scattering.

Without much hesitation, Diem publicly reneged on his promises. They were made, he explained, at a time when the situation seemed lost and it was imperative "to preserve the integrity of our military potentialities." He forgave the rank-and-file paratroopers, claiming that they had assembled at his palace under the illusion that they were protecting him. And he reaffirmed that "republican and personalist principles" would continue as the basis of his régime. In short, there would be no change.

Saigon seemed calm and peaceful again. But scores were quietly and severely settled in the days that followed. A kind of committee of public safety, sanctioned by the government, announced "a systematic purge in state and civic organizations until the last suspected element is wiped out." As advertised, it systematically aided the secret police in making arrests, cluttered the city with vengeful posters, and failed only "to stop the indignant masses" from smashing up five newspaper offices that were guilty of printing news of the revolt.

In that sort of atmosphere it is usually difficult to assess public opinion. But in Saigon that week I discovered, on the contrary, a greater willingness in people to talk than I had ever before encountered. They had, it seems on looking back, a desire to unburden themselves engendered by a mixture of confused feelings: desperation at the rebel failure, encouragement from the attempt, and, I found everywhere, the certainty that sooner or later there would be another revolt—a successful one. "The army has lost its virginity," as a knowledgeable Vietnamese put it. "Next time it will be easier."

Good News for the Guerrillas

South Vietnam will be fortunate, however, if the "next time" there is fighting in Saigon, the anti-government forces are not Communists. For the revolt and its aftermath is bound to prove a boon to the guerrillas. It introduced an element of distrust between Diem and his army that should inevitably make their relations more brittle than ever. Beyond that, the insurrection took a moral and physical toll on the most effective army unit in the country. The paratroopers were the spearhead against the Communist partisans. From their bases around Saigon, they could be mobilized and put into action anywhere within eighteen hours. Although no casualty figures have been released, it is calculated that as many as four hundred of them may have been killed during the revolt. Some of their best officers fled with the rebel colonels; and nobody knows how many individual soldiers, beaten and ashamed, deserted to the jungles. A high-ranking apolitical military man commented sadly: "The Communists would have given three divisions to wipe out the paratroopers. We have done it for them."

If the insurrection hurt the army, it also shattered Diem's prestige. The aloof mandarin had never been loved, but he had at least enjoyed a healthy measure of respect. Diem lost ground by allowing the situation to degenerate to a point at which revolt was conceivable, especially by troops who had often served as his most trusted bodyguard. Moreover, he lost face badly by disavowing the promises of reform he had broadcast during the uprising. "We didn't want the rebels to harm him," a schoolteacher said bitterly, "but now we're sorry they didn't."

Misplacing the Blame

The ugly mood of the country does not seem to have affected Diem. Just after the revolt, palace officials reported that they had rarely seen him in such good humor, and a western ambassador who paid a courtesy call described him as "bouncy." His self-confidence is paralleled by his brother Nhu's somewhat alarming analysis of the "real causes" behind the country's unsettled state. In a long conversation I had with him a few weeks ago, Nhu emphasized that the principal culprits in the revolt were the "western embassies" in Saigon, and individual Americans in particular. They supposedly provoked the paratroopers to rebellion by disseminating rumors of corruption and nepotism. " Not only that," he said, "but American military advisers were helping the paratroopers during the revolt. And they volunteered —they were not invited."

To this suggestion of "colonialist"

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inspiration—a charge diffused widely by the government press—Nhu added another disturbing notion. He readily admitted that the country's fight against the Communists was not going well. But, he pointed out, the army rather than the government was at fault. "The army is doing its job badly," he said. "They don't know enough about psychological warfare. It's entirely wrong to suppose that the population is displeased with the government. It's the army they dislike." And hinting at possible purges to come, he added: "Every military chief must take stock of his conscience."

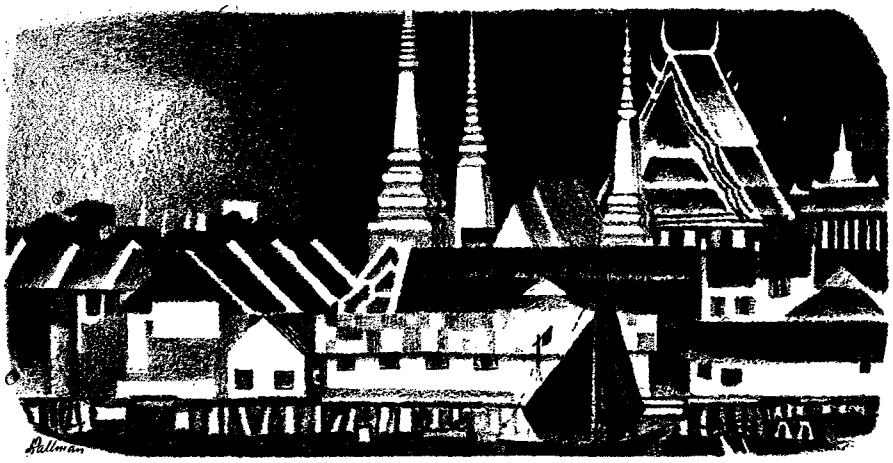
Nhu's analysis of events, which naturally absolves Diem of any fault, thus puts the blame squarely on the two main props of the régime—the United States and the South Vietnamese Army. This thesis—to which Diem himself certainly subscribes—is likely to create trouble in the future. Anxiety and suspicion that the United States is "interfering," as it did in South Korea, is apt to stiffen Diem against further efforts to make him liberalize. A very blunt version of this fear was expressed in a recent *Times of Vietnam* editorial, which commented: "The threat to our independence does not come from our Communist enemies alone, but also from a number of foreign people who claim to be our friends." At the same time, Nhu's criticism of the army and the possibility of purges—even if partly justified—can be hazardous for a country heavily infiltrated by Communist guerillas. Military morale, as the insurrection testified, has reached a low point. Should Diem inaugurate "loyalty tests" for his troops or punish them for his own failings, he may find nothing between himself and Ho Chi Minh's terrorists.

Key to Survival

Some of the president's aides, conscious of the unstable situation—and also concerned with the régime's reputation abroad—persuaded Diem to let them announce a forthcoming "reshuffle of the cabinet and a general revamping of our entire establishment." This program of "reform," which has yet to be revealed in detail, does not, however, answer the basic question of whether Diem himself can be reformed. In Saigon, as in Djakarta and Rabat and Léopoldville, the Establishment is never as important as the man who manages it. Liberal constitutions, parliaments and law courts are a glut in underdeveloped countries where governments resemble nothing so much as the personality of the man at the top.

The characteristics that made Diem a success in 1955 and 1956—obstinacy, single-mindedness, and guile—are his most obvious weaknesses today. If he is unable to change, there is not much hope that he, or perhaps even the country, can last. In recent months, several reputable firms have declined to underwrite any business in South Vietnam. "No premium, no matter how high, is worth the risk," explains one American insurance executive.

The precariousness of the Diem regime, the current fighting in Laos, and Prince Norodom Sihanouk's unpredictable neutralism in Cambodia have combined to bring Indo-China to its dreariest days since Dienbienphu. A durable anti-Communism can, in time, emerge from economic and social development. The problem in a vulnerable country like South Vietnam is to survive and progress simultaneously, as Malaya did throughout the years of its emergency. This is, of course, easier to suggest than to accomplish. But neither survival nor progress is likely to evolve out of puerile slogans, secret police, and massive regiments maneuvering like ancient Asian armies of elephants. Among other things, it requires the rational use of force accompanied by long-term economic planning and efforts to arouse popular enthusiasm. It also needs an intangible: style of leadership. If Diem cannot, in some radical switch, provide these elements, he is liable to fall. The Communists are ready to fill the vacuum.



Thailand Is on the Spot

DARRELL BERRIGAN

BANGKOK

PREMIER Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, as tough and outspoken an anti-Communist as any in Asia, received a Soviet ambassador in November for the first time since he had seized power two years before. A few days later, in a rare press conference by one of the secretaries of the premier's office, it was revealed that the field marshal had agreed to consider a proposal to expand Thai-Soviet trade and establish closer cultural relations. There was some talk of exchanging students and technicians and even of the possibility that Thailand would accept Soviet aid.

American embassy officials here brushed off the announcement as "just another needle" to obtain more aid from the United States. In my opinion, however, there is plenty of evidence to suggest that the move was above all an expression of a Thai fear that the United States might be wavering in its support of a

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heavily committed and dangerously threatened ally.

Thailand is the only nation in this upper Southeast Asian area that has taken an unequivocal stand against Communism. As the only Southeast Asian member of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, it has been the target of fulminations and thinly veiled threats broadcast daily by Peking, Moscow, and Hanoi radios. It has had to withstand not only the threat of China but also the superior attitude of its Afro-Asian "neutral" friends, who assume—from the propaganda of Peking and Moscow—that any member of a western defense alliance is automatically a puppet of capitalist imperialism. Thailand alone has branded those neutralist-minded politicians of Laos who are not actually Communists as Communist dupes. In short, despite the threat of China looming in the north above weak and neutralist Burma and divided Laos, Thailand has taken a more vigorous line on the question of Communism in Southeast Asia than even its American, British, and French allies.

Does Neutralism Pay More?

Thailand could assume this position only because of its confidence that in the pinch its SEATO allies, especially the United States, would back it without hesitation. SEATO exercises had proved that if Thailand were attacked, planes, men, and supplies could reach Thai bases within hours and ships within days. But would they? Or would the United States hesitate in a crisis? Would it sit back quibbling—as the SEATO allies have been quibbling over Laos?

These questions were doubtless in the back of Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman's mind as, during the past year, he attempted to get his government to take a less dangerous position. Time and again the blunt, stubborn-minded foreign minister pointed out that Laos and Cambodia receive more U.S. aid per capita than Thailand. India and Burma, both uncommitted, also receive large sums from America and at the same time, along with Cambodia, benefit richly from Russian and Chinese aid. Other allied countries such as Formosa, South Vietnam, and South Korea receive more aid than Thailand, Thanat claims. Why, then, should Thailand stick exclusively to its American friendship when it might, with less risk, receive just as much American aid and maybe something in addition from the Communist nations?

Not all Thai officials agree with Thanat's point of view. The $216.6 million in United States economic aid that Thailand has received since 1951 has financed one of the most successful aid programs in Asia. Its highways, dams, schools, hospitals, railroads, and agricultural schemes have changed the face of the country. The once sleepy backwater state of Thailand was already at work on its own development programs when the United States stepped in, but the contribution in cash, equipment, and technical assistance accelerated the process of growth tremendously.

Today Thailand has one of the strongest currencies in Asia and a stable and growing economy. It is expected that the United States will grant another $25 million in 1961 to help it continue its development. And there are more millions available to the country from the Defense Loan Fund and the World Bank if the Thais can find the projects to spend them on. At present, for instance, both organizations are studying an irrigation and power project to build three dams in the drought-ridden northeastern provinces.

What lay behind Foreign Minister Thanat's criticism of U.S. aid, therefore, was hardly the lack of it. More probably it was a fear that Thailand might lose its bargaining power in dealing with the United States.

THEN last August, a young Lao captain, Kong Lae, led his paratroop battalion into Vientiane, the political capital of Laos just across the Mekong north of Thailand. Thailand's position at the head of the Golden Peninsula was threatened.

Apprehension in Bangkok rose to a fever pitch. As Thanat told an American audience recently, Thailand has "many things in common with the Laotians, especially a thousand-kilometer frontier." Along that frontier, the greater part of which follows the Mekong River, most of the Thais speak the Laotian dialect, and the two peoples have a common ethnic stock. These border provinces are the poorest in Thailand. For more than twenty years they were the refuge of rebels against the French in what was then Indo-China; and most of the rebels, whether from Laos, Cambodia, or Vietnam, came under the general leadership of the Communist Vietminh and its leader, Ho Chih Minh. Nearly eighty thousand Vietnamese, almost all of them loyal to Ho Chih Minh, were given asylum in the principal border towns, where they established a potent Communist underground and propagated the faith among the Thais. Their continuing influence in the northeast is illustrated by the fact that in all recent elections, these provinces have returned the most left-wing candidates.

Thailand feels that it cannot tolerate a Communist state on that of all borders. As Thanat said, "Laos' salvation is practically our own, for Laos is not a lush prize, and the real target of the disruptive elements who seek to wrest Laos from the free world is the 'juicy' Southeast Asian peninsula."

The United States Hesitated

Thus, when Captain Kong Lae seized power in Vientiane and began spreading anti-American slogans too obviously manufactured in Peking and Moscow, whether he himself knew it or not, the Thai government under Field Marshal Sarit lost no time in denouncing him and his movement as Communist. Sarit immediately backed the ousted Lao minister of defense, General Phoumi Nosavan, who had established himself at Savannakhet, on the Thai frontier in southern Laos. The British and French, just as promptly, took the line that Prince Souvanna Phouma, who became premier in Vientiane, was "the only man available" to bring peace to Laos, and that peace was necessary, even if it meant bringing the Communist-oriented Pathet Lao rebels into the government. But the United States hesitated between the rebel general in the south and the legal premier in the north. The U.S. ambassador, Winthrop Brown, who took up his duties in Vientiane only two weeks before the coup, found that most of his staff advocated support of Prince Souvanna Phouma and an effort to form a coalition government which would

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represent all the anti-Communist elements. American hesitancy so irritated Marshal Sarit that he told newspapermen, "Laos is a big bowl of bitter medicine." He said he had warned the United States that the new premier might well fall into the hands of the Communists, "but they wouldn't believe me."

It was not until December, with General Phoumi's advance on the capital, his initial defeat of Kong Lae's forces, and the flight of the Laotian premier across the border into Cambodia, that the Americans took a definite stand. With no alternative left, the United States threw its weight behind General Phoumi and the new government of the Right headed by Prince Boun Oum.

General Phoumi was identified with those right-wing politicians who did so much to frustrate American aid and by their extravagant display of sudden riches inspired the coup and the wide popular support it immediately won. Thailand, however, felt that a weak horse was better than an untrustworthy one.

"If the kingdom of Laos were to fall completely under the control of the Communists," Marshal Sarit asked his people in a fighting speech last September, "how much danger would descend on Thailand?

"We know full well that if Thailand falls under the power of the Communists, our national independence would be lost, our religion could not be maintained, our king and throne would be destroyed. . . .

"If the situation in Laos or elsewhere develops to the point where it is obvious that it will inevitably become a danger to the nation, I shall have to fight in defense of it; and in fighting against such Communist danger, I hope to receive the assistance and co-operation of friendly nations of the free world, because fighting against the Communists is a fight for the welfare of the whole free world.

"However, even if we have to fight alone without help from anyone, it is something that we have to do even if the country is plunged into danger and we die in the end."

Measured against this sense of urgency, the prolonged American vacillation was a demoralizing experience for the Thais. As seen from Bangkok, it also helped to confuse and mislead the press and public opinion. American, British, and French correspondents in Vientiane filed charges by Prince Souvanna Phouma and Kong Lae that Thailand had permitted General Phoumi's forces to move into position via Thai territory, that Thais in Lao uniform were advising General Phoumi, and that Thailand was actually lobbing mortar shells across the Mekong—an impossible mortar range of more than a mile at that point—on Vientiane.

All Eyes on SEATO

Thailand's measured denials got little space in the western press if they were printed at all. It did not seem to matter that Thailand was winning praise from local western diplomats here for its "restraint under strong provocation." Even after Laotian Premier Souvanna Phouma's flight to Cambodia and Kong Lae's open adherence to the Communist Pathet Lao, western correspondents and many official western observers, including Americans, talked of Kong Lae as a "loyalist" who was not responsible for the early anti-American leftist statements attributed to him.

Foreign Minister Thanat observed the marked anti-Thai slant of reporting in the New York papers while he was attending the recent session of the U.N. General Assembly; he says this helped convince him that it was about time Thailand reappraised its position. It was upon his return from New York that Thanat stated: "The feeling is growing very strong here that we are treated less favorably than those nations that are uncommitted. There is less attention to our needs, our requirements, and our security than if we had been by ourselves."

He said this was not a threat, but that "the events in Laos during the past weeks have opened our eyes to the situation; made us think of what would happen if Thailand should be threatened; what we could do; what we could count on."

Thanat's suspicions were echoed to the SEATO military advisers when they held their thirteenth session in Bangkok on November 16. The Thai delegate told them that "Thailand's faith in SEATO has been shaken a lot" by the organization's refusal to take a stand on the Lao crisis.

"The Thai people," he said, "are watching to see what attitude SEATO will adopt in the immediate future, and we are certain that the Communists are watching just as intently."

In the secret sesson the delegates discussed Thailand's demand that the SEATO charter be strengthened to allow the organization to act even in the case where a government threatened with a Communist takeover has *not* asked for assistance. At the end of the session, which had to be extended a day in order to win unanimous agreement on its communiqué, it was reported that the delegates would recommend to their governments the acceptance of Thailand's suggestion that the charter be revised.

But almost before the SEATO recommendations could be digested, the question of charter revision had become academic. In Bangkok, Soviet intervention on the side of the Pathet Lao rebels under Kong Lae is seen as a direct challenge to the United States and SEATO.

Thailand has more at stake than any of its SEATO allies. As one high official put it: "We must go cautiously—but if we are going to have war, we must face it. We can't keep backing up."

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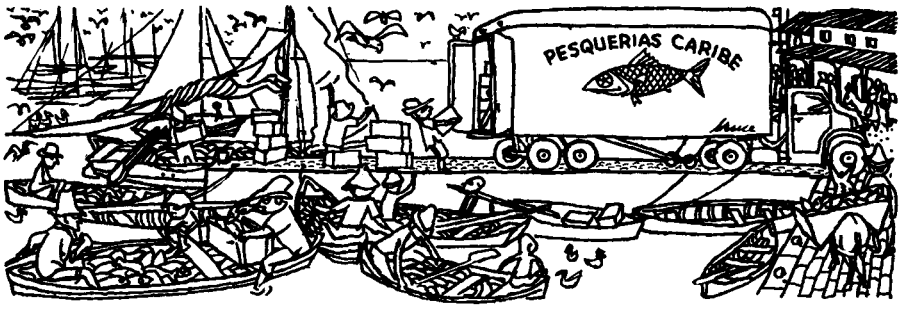

Puerto Rico: The Best Answer to Castro

DOUGLASS CATER

SAN JUAN

LUIS MUNOZ MARIN, poet, politician, and governor of the commonwealth of Puerto Rico, takes a detached view of the rhubarb set off by the Catholic bishops during the recent election campaign on his island. He recognizes that the bishops' attack on his candidacy, by providing concrete evidence of clerical interference in affairs of state, undoubtedly helped cut Kennedy's margin to its dangerously thin edge. "They threw a cold potato at me and missed," the governor has remarked, "but when it bounced on the mainland it was a hot potato."

A few politicians both in the United States and Puerto Rico suspect that it was all darkly planned that way. They point out that it was absurd to expect that a Catholic party could be formed only five months before the election with any hopes of overthrowing a party as solidly based as the Popular Democrats led by a man as able and admired as Governor Muñoz. The clergy had purportedly been goaded into action because the Popular Democrats had rejected legislation allowing "released time" for students to receive religious training. Yet, as had been conceded in the legislative hearings, the Church had neither facilities nor staff to accommodate all of the children. And for that matter, with much of the overcrowded public-school system operating in three-hour shifts, the students are already released a great deal of the time. As a last-minute issue with which to challenge Muñoz, it was almost as unsensational as the lingering disputes over birth control and common-law marriages that date back well before the Muñoz régime.

Those who claim that it was all a devious plot by right-wing church forces to hurt Kennedy point out that the pastoral letter denouncing the Popular Democrats was issued less than three weeks before the elections, at a time when Kennedy was apparently gaining ground in his fight against anti-Catholicism. Only a few days earlier Cardinal Spellman, whose preference for Nixon was widely rumored, had paid a brief visit to the island.

ACTUALLY, the conspiracy theory has no foundation. On the contrary, there is concrete evidence that Cardinal Spellman made every effort during his brief visit on the island to extricate the Puerto Rican clergy from what he felt was an unfortunate predicament. The fact that even he failed would seem to indicate that the hierarchy is not so monolithic as non-Catholics often suspect and that the Puerto Rican bishops are not open to persuasion by even the highest Church authorities in the United States.

A more likely explanation of what happened during the campaign is that it was an emotional outburst welling up from the deep sense of failure and frustration felt by the clergy in a community undergoing vast economic and social changes. The Catholic Church has let things drift in Puerto Rico for a long time, despite its claims to a following among all but a small fraction of the people. When the Spaniards lost control of the island in 1898, many of the leading Spanish clergy also departed, leaving the Church there in an impoverished condition with few native priests trained to take over. Even today in the Diocese of Arecibo, for example, there is an average of only one priest for every eight thousand Catholics, and less than a fourth of the clergy are native Puerto Ricans.

Many clergymen from the United States have come to replace the Spanish. The Diocese of Ponce is headed by James E. McManus from Brooklyn, who incidentally has long been a foe of Muñoz. At the top of the island's hierarchy stands Archbishop James P. Davis from Arizona.

Talking to the churchmen, one gets a sense of great tensions within the Church's own ranks. Priests from Franco Spain show neither understanding nor sympathy for the new democratic institutions on the island. The stricter North American Irish priests are vexed by the Puerto Ricans' easygoing attitudes toward religion. The native clergy resent a hierarchical system that has not taken account of Puerto Rico's rise from colonialism. For a number of years the Evangelical and Pentecostal sects have been winning converts among those country people who are attracted by more exuberant forms of worship. In the cities, the economic miracles performed by Muñoz have been accompanied by a growing secularism.

Whatever the root causes, the compulsions of an election campaign made matters worse. In late May, Archbishop Davis, formerly a moderate, told a released-time rally in San Juan that Catholics were free to form their own party, then promptly departed for a long visit to Europe. By the time he returned, the fight was in full swing. Bishop McManus, Monsignors Grovas and

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Nazario, and Father Maisonet, along with a number of lay politicians, had seized the initiative, and local priests were passing petitions and actively proselytizing their flocks.

It was an amateurish effort, and yet many of the clerics were so out of touch with political reality that they confidently expected to win. After the election, one priest draped a black banner on the outside of his church.

Governor Muñoz, suffering from a painful skin allergy brought on by a nerve condition, was in no mood to temporize with the bishops. He tried to go over their heads, and in late October a trusted emissary he dispatched to the Vatican was granted an audience by the monsignor in charge of Caribbean affairs. During the course of an inconclusive conversation, it turned out that the prelate did not know Puerto Ricans were citizens of the United States. The emissary had to produce his passport to prove the point.

The Governor's Fourth Term

From the purely political point of view, the bishops' effort proved to be a blessing for Muñoz. The Christian Action Party managed to get only seven per cent of the vote (less than the ten per cent necessary to remain on the ballot in the next election). It had helped split the Independistas (three per cent), who seek to sever Puerto Rico's ties with the United States, and probably held back the growth of the Republican Statehood Party (thirty-two per cent), which wants Puerto Rico to follow the course of Hawaii and Alaska. Muñoz won a fourth term as governor by fifty-eight per cent.

This was a unique tribute for a unique leader. Rexford G. Tugwell, the New Dealer who once served as appointed governor of Puerto Rico, rates Muñoz superior in some ways even to Roosevelt as a politician. From the time in the early 1920's when he was a poet in New York's Greenwich Village, Muñoz has often shifted his course but never faltered in his ambition to build a worthy homeland for his people.

It has taken some doing, for Puerto Ricans had long endured a capricious colonial fate. Unlike their Cuban neighbors to the west, they had neither the geographic conditions nor the temperament for revolutions. After centuries of Spanish rule, they were finally granted a form of autonomous government in 1897 only a few weeks before the sinking of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor touched off the Spanish-American War, in which the United States took over the island. That transfer meant greater development of Puerto Rican sugar cane but little development of democratic institutions.

Again the road toward self-government was long and frustrating. In 1917, Congress granted United States citizenship and an elective senate to Puerto Ricans; in 1947, an elective governor. And nine years ago, at Muñoz's urging, Puerto Rico became a commonwealth, a status unique in United States territorial relations.

THE EMERGENCE of Muñoz as the first elected governor in 1948 came at a time of desperate need. The island, as one of the surveys made by his economic experts pointed out, had "probably the most unfavorable ratio of population pressure against natural resources in the world." On the United States mainland, a comparable ratio would mean two and a half billion people—approximately the world's total population—trying to subsist on a one-crop economy in a land totally lacking in mineral wealth. Per capita income in 1940 amounted to $121 a year. Conditions in what Tugwell called the Stricken Land were steadily deteriorating.

Puerto Rico's accomplishments since then have been impressive. In 1960, per capita income (in current dollars) is up nearly five times over 1940; gross product, nearly six times. Last year Puerto Rico's economic growth rate was 9.4 per cent, one of the highest in the world. New investments in industry amounted to 21 per cent of the gross product for the fourth consecutive year. The two and a third million people on the island now provide a three-quarter-billion-dollar market for U.S. products, making it this country's seventh biggest customer (ahead of France, Italy, and Brazil).

After a brief flirtation with state ownership of plants, Operation Bootstrap, the Muñoz program for economic development, has been attracting investment capital from the United States by offering incentives of tax exemption, leased factory facilities, and employee recruiting and training programs. Several luxury hotels to attract tourists have been built by Fomento, the government development company, and leased to mainland operators. It is, as businessmen rightly boast, a private-enterprise economy. But a good deal of the enterprise has come from alert government officials coaxing cautious entrepreneurs into taking the plunge.

Rich Get Richer, Poor Get Fewer

The incentives are considerable. Fomento plants, granted a ten-year exemption from Puerto Rican corporate-income taxes (there are no Federal corporate-income taxes in Puerto Rico), have been earning profits four to five times higher than comparable U.S.-based industry. Yet unlike what has happened in so many other countries where large-scale foreign and domestic investment has made the rich richer and the poor poorer, Puerto Rico's industrial development has served to make the rich richer but the poor fewer. In 1950, more than half of the island's family incomes were less than $1,000 a year. Ten years later, seventy-five per cent were above $1,000; fifty-four per cent above $2,000. In Japan and West Germany, the wage rates of semi-skilled labor are falling farther and farther behind the United States. But in Puerto Rico since 1956, the differential has lately been narrowing. Factory wages, bolstered by Federal and commonwealth minimum-wage-fixing procedures, are among the highest in the world.

As a pioneer in economic development, this Caribbean island has become a training center for people sent from other underdeveloped countries that are anxious to improve their national economies. These eager visitors study the techniques worked out by brilliant planners like Teodoro Moscoso, the director of Fomento, and Rafael Pico, head of the Government Development Bank. They also witness a political system that uses the basic forms of U.S. state government but with adaptations and improvements made by Governor Muñoz. The costs of political campaigns, for example, are sub-

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sidized by the government, with each of the major parties receiving allocations in proportion to its popular vote in the previous election. The growth of an effective opposition is thus stimulated, and the splintering of parties is checked by such devices as the ten per cent limitation. Unlike the press in much of Latin America, Puerto Rican newspapers are unsubsidized and often highly critical of the government. The University of Puerto Rico is a center of vocal criticism. Its able chancellor, Jaime Benítez, has dared to defy the governor on more than one occasion.

Of course, Puerto Rico's economic development is conditioned by a number of factors that are peculiar to the island. It lacks the natural resources available to many underdeveloped countries, but it still has, as Moscoso points out, one not-so-natural resource that is unavailable to all the others. This is its privileged position in relation to the United States—inside its giant market area but outside its Federal tax system. Tax exemption and government aid have been the main inducements that have brought American capital to Puerto Rican soil. It is a delicate business. Fomento officials emphatically deny that they seduce runaway industry, and they conscientiously check with United States labor unions before granting exemption privileges.

Half and Half

Puerto Rico's relationship to the United States is certainly a complicated affair. The Pan American hostess who greeted Puerto Rican and mainlander passengers as the airliner left New York tried to explain: "Anyone going to San Juan does not need any immigration papers because Puerto Rico is a—commonwealth of the United States. I almost forgot and said 'possession'!" She laughed nervously. "Well, half and half—I'd better stop before I get into trouble."

Actually, Puerto Ricans pay no Federal taxes but are drafted for military duty; send delegates to the national party conventions but do not vote for President or elect representatives to Congress. The unemployed can travel without restriction to the mainland, where they qualify for unemployment and Social Security benefits not available to those who remain on the island. Most Federal laws apply to Puerto Rico as to any state, as does Federal authority in matters of defense, foreign policy, customs, and postal services. But economic programs, whether for highway construction or minimum-wage regulations, are tailored to fit local conditions. U.S. agents collect Federal taxes on Puerto Rican rum going to the mainland but promptly turn the proceeds over to the island government.

It is, by and large, a beneficial arrangement for Puerto Rico. Yet its value as a permanent solution is frequently questioned by many of the islanders. A large majority of the voters backed the Popular Democrats this time, but two other parties, with different methods and different strength, try to exert their influence on the electorate. One is in favor of total sovereign independence, the other of having Puerto Rico become the fifty-first state of the union.

Much of the militancy, to be sure, has gone out of the independence movement. Pedro Albizu Campos, the fanatic nationalist who stirred up the 1950 assassination attempt against President Truman and the 1954 shooting in the House of Representatives, now resides under police custody in a San Juan hospital, dementedly protesting that U.S. ships are directing atomic radiation at his gonads. The nonviolent Independistas are split into feuding groups. Only a comparatively small club in the university seems seriously infected by Fidelismo.

But the yearning for independence cannot be discounted. Many intellectuals resent the pervasiveness of the United States culture and customs. Their complaints, typically American, are against the increasing dominance of mass culture and chain-store commercialism. They are prone to criticize their distinct but hardly distinctive culture; nevertheless they bitterly resent criticism from the outside.

Under present conditions, the realistic politicians among the Independistas have settled on publicity as a more effective course to follow than precinct work. Since the election, Juan Mari Bras, who heads the Independence Movement which split off from the party, has been lobbying in the corridors of the United Nations to support Cuban claims that Puerto Rico is still a colony, and a group of his followers have regularly picketed the United States delegation. Aiming news releases at Asia, Africa, and Latin America, they hope to embarrass the United States and put the commonwealth on the defensive. For a bankrupt movement, this is not a bad strategy.

A MORE OPTIMISTIC strategy is being pursued by the Republican Statehood Party, which can point to a constant rise in its popular vote, from thirteen per cent in 1952 to thirty-two per cent in 1960. Luis Ferre, the party's candidate for governor and one of the island's leading industrialists, claims that he would have fared even better if the bishops' attack had not roused a sympathy vote for Muñoz.

Ferre believes that he has the changing forces of economics and opinion working on his side. Muñoz, he argues, has been building up the middle classes in Puerto Rico that will eventually cause his defeat. The businessman and well-off factory worker are not satisfied with the uncertainties of commonwealth status, he says, and they will soon be ready to join a more perfect union.

Ferre dismisses the argument that tax exemption provided by commonwealth status is a useful way to attract business. He has promotional ideas of his own. Once Puerto Rico achieves statehood, he claims, it will promptly rate as a depressed area and be qualified for the Federal assistance that President-elect Kennedy has promised.

The Man in the Fortaleza

Amid the conflicting claims of his opponents, the governor maintains a philosophic patience. He has moved a long way from the days when he too espoused the cause of independence. Talking with him in the graceful old Fortaleza, his official residence, one detects that he still feels a strong urge to maintain and strengthen cultural independence. He has worked with determination to develop Operation Serenity as a counterpart to Operation Bootstrap, hoping that he can awaken in his constituents a higher ambition than

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the installment-plan buying of cars and television sets.

Yet Muñoz is convinced that political independence would plunge his island into the convulsed status of every other Caribbean country.

He believes the way to statehood is also beset with economic peril. Against Ferre's contentions, he points out that tax benefits have brought stable and highly diversified industries to the island in spite of the higher transportation costs, although the job of development is by no means completed.

Muñoz has proposed that the question of statehood be postponed until Puerto Rico's per capita income reaches that of Mississippi, the poorest state in the Union. Even that modest goal is still a long way off. According to Moscoso's estimates, the rate of industrial development will have to double during the next few years if the island is to sustain a continuing rise in its standard of living.

Progress has not been without inequities. Unemployment now stands at thirteen per cent of the labor force, two points higher than in 1940. One of the exasperations of economic development is that it displaces workers faster than it finds new jobs for them. A good many thousands still leave each year to take the grubby jobs in the big cities of the United States. Yet Muñoz has pointed out that with immigration from Europe drastically curtailed, the United States badly needs Puerto Rican workers.

Yet Muñoz hates to base his arguments only on economics. This "new form of federalism," he contends, has advantages for the United States. It gives evidence of the "inventiveness" and the "durability" of the American constitutional system. Particularly during the troubled years ahead in Latin America, he believes it will be helpful to have an *Estado Libre Asociado* (Free Associated State) dwelling in harmony with this country.

There is a most important role to be played by someone who stands in the middle between the United States and its neighbors to the south. The governor last month initiated an exchange of letters with President-elect Kennedy stressing the high priority that the new administration will give to hemisphere affairs. He stoutly resists, however, the notion that he might become an unofficial spokesman for Washington. He is determined to be free to declare his own opinions about Castro, just as he did about right-wing dictators like Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, and Pérez Jiménez of Venezuela, even when his judgment was at odds with U.S. policy.

By-passing Nationalism

"In Puerto Rico," Governor Muñoz once declared, "we are not Puerto Rican nationalists and have not become American nationalists; we are loyal, non-nationalist citizens of the United States."

A number of well-meaning members of Congress have found these concepts rather difficult to understand. One was Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington), who presided in 1959 when the Senate Interior Committee considered amendments to the Compact between the People of Puerto Rico and the United States. Before adjourning

the hearings, Senator Jackson voiced serious doubts as to whether Congress even had the power to make a binding compact with Puerto Rico in the first place. He seemed undeterred by the fact that this had been our precise claim in 1953 when we presented the case before the United Nations that Puerto Rico is no longer a colony.

In some ways the bonds between Puerto Rico and the United States are too close for Muñoz's comfort. The dynamics of American growth continues to supplant the loose ties of federalism with tighter ones imposing national standards in social and economic matters. Against this trend Muñoz is trying to assert a new kind of state's rights. His predicament is that Puerto Rico's situation is so special that it stands utterly alone. For Muñoz, however, the unique situation of Puerto Rico can also be its strength.

Even at the level of party politics Muñoz is for independence while stubbornly rejecting the position of the all-out Independistas. Right now the National Democratic Committee is solemnly adjudicating the rival claims of two Puerto Rican groups that presented themselves in Los Angeles last summer. One is a rump group representing nobody; the other is a rump group that has the tacit blessing of Muñoz. But he doesn't want his Popular Democratic Party to follow the course of Ferre's Statehood Republicans and enter into formal affiliation with its mainland counterpart.

THERE ARE, of course, a number of forces working for Muñoz. He is still the indispensable leader of his island; but he is surrounded by a group of fiercely dedicated men working night and day to make his hopes for Puerto Rico into an enduring reality.

As our troubles with Castro continue to mount, the fate of Cuba's Caribbean neighbor becomes increasingly important to the United States. Puerto Rico is much more than a convenient military base or a showy display of American benevolence. The Puerto Rican experiment proves that even the most backward country stands a better chance of lifting itself out of its rut when governed by industrious, incorrupt, and undoctrinaire leaders like Muñoz and the men who surround him. It also would seem to indicate, in the words of Muñoz, that "nationalism can be by-passed upon departure from colonialism . . . and not at the expense of freedom." This may point the way to new concepts of internationalism whereby emerging countries can be affiliated with older ones while retaining a large degree of self-government.

To be sure, Puerto Rico is a special case. The way that Muñoz has sought his country's salvation is far removed from the unbridled nationalism of the Dominican Republic or of Cuba. At present the dictators of both countries are united in their hatred of Muñoz. His success in keeping Puerto Rico close to us and yet with a margin of independence from us is the best answer our country can give to the Caribbean dictators.

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THE NEW YORK I KNOW:

VII. Village Life

MARYA MANNES

I CANNOT in honesty say that I know the Greenwich Village of today. During the twenties and thirties, when the company of painters had supplanted the musicians of my childhood, I grew familiar with its studios and streets and sights and smells, and recognized it happily for what it was: a village in a city, a refuge, and an escape.

For me, certainly, it was a revelation. Not only did Greenwich Village have the savor of the Europe I loved; it stood for a kind of rebellion against the life of musicians I was beginning to find too enclosed and respectable. Hard work, regular meals, and *Gemütlichkeit* were bearing heavily on a girl steeped in bad as well as good romantic literature, and from this bourgeois routine the first impact of Village life came as a sort of deliverance. What happened in the north lights and whitewashed walls of the studios where I posed and ate and talked was an expansion of vision: I began to see things I had never seen before; not only objects but a way of looking at them, not only shapes but a way of feeling them. The homes of most of the virtuosi and conductors and singers and composers I knew in youth were densely cluttered, curtained, and tasseled, and suffused with the green of potted ferns; the bareness of the studio washed and freed the eye. In this white purity, lit evenly, coldly, by skylights, every object had meaning. In Greenwich Village I first saw what were for so long the companions of a painter's trade: animal skulls, bleached; empty bottles chosen for their shape; artifacts from Africa or Mexico; fruit in huge bowls; woven cloths in strong colors from hot places; plain wood, unvarnished; windows without curtains; pillows on floors; the naked body, viewed as form and texture. In the Village, I first heard people speak of breasts and buttocks as one would speak of bread and fruit; and of sex as an open delight and not a secret urge. The animal simplicity that resides in most painters dissipated, without shock or squalor, the innocence that underlaid my veneer of immense sophistication.

What is more, Washington Square and the streets around it presented, as they do still, a kind of city living entirely different from the Upper West or East Side, and all the more alluring because of it. The avenues where I grew up—Amsterdam, Broadway, Columbus—were unrelievedly ugly, and although the brownstone rows then spelled peace and order, they were still no treat to the eye. In the Village, the red-brick Georgian houses surrounding the leafy, green, and sunlit Square gave me (as the one remaining northern row still gives) a welling of pleasure; and to walk down Tenth or Eleventh Street, west of Fifth, was (and is) to know the gay serenity of light and sky above low buildings designed—with their broad windows and wide fronts—for the important human needs of space, proportion, comfort, and dignity. Inside, the fires burned in the marble fireplaces, books reached to the ceiling, and prints from Piranesi to Picasso hung, at spare intervals, on the high walls. These, of course, were the finer homes of the Village, lived in by producers, the more successful artists, a few "old families," and the dilettantes who breathe freest in the atmosphere of the arts and form their essential audience. Most of the painters and sculptors and artisans lived either on the Square (if they sold enough) or in the little houses in the crooked streets around Sheridan Square and west of Seventh.

Then as now, poor or rich, success or failure, the Villagers could stroll in the streets, sit in cafés, buy an abundance of fresh produce and foreign staples very cheaply, eat in good restaurants, and drink good wine as a matter of course, They could also live together without being married, without shame and with impunity. The Village constituted not only a release from convention but an experience of freedom.

TO AN OUTSIDER who visits from curiosity only, that part of New York still performs its function as a sanctuary from the savage pressures of the surrounding city, a close-knit community proud of its physical difference and its human diversity, clinging tenaciously to its narrowing ground. In spite of the encroachment of new buildings and new elements, the composition of the Village has changed very little from earlier times. The Italians who formed its oldest community are still there, speaking Italian. A new generation of working artist and writers live there, producing. Dilettantes still abound, and so do people with humdrum jobs who prefer the Village way of life and can afford the rents now asked for well-kept apartments. Young professionals still raise good families there while they fight for liberal causes and better government. And although the Square itself has suffered heavily from the steady

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growth of New York University and the cheaply modern apartment house at its southeast corner, much of the Village has remained visually the same: low little houses, intimate handiwork shops, a profusion of foodstalls, and the amiable clutter that small businesses and impractical methods usually produce.

Even the tourists have not changed much, for the Village was always a show. Camera-hung, curious, ordinary, innocent, they come from all the states to see how Artists live, to buy souvenirs, to sample Vice, to take pictures of quaint corners, and stare at beatniks. There they stroll, pointing at little shopwindows full of crude leather sandals or Danish pottery or abstract silver jewelry, or those bright bisexual pants and sweaters; peering down at dirty basement doors scrawled with cabalistic letters promising far-out entertainment at night; sitting uneasily in dim espresso bars, looking at the girls with white faces of death and streaming hair, the unshaven or bearded boys in heavy turtleneck sweaters (like the girls'). Who are these unclean young people, acting out—with such childish dourness—their charades of defiance, pretending dark knowledge and invulnerability, moving from kick to trance? Most of them, I am told, come from ordinary homes in the Bronx or Brooklyn or the Upper West Side, spending their days and some of their nights in this different, tolerant air, far from the deadening talk of money and work in their parents' parlors. Some are schoolboys and girls, boarding a subway to the Village after classes in search of pornography or perversion. Some are N.Y.U. students using it as a campus, the Village a convenient annex for the pursuit of special studies or the practice of loafing.

I stared at the commuting Negroes sitting with white girls, the commuting Negro women sitting with white men, their faces sleepily arrogant, saying, in effect, Take a good look, that's the way it is. They too were acting: a performance of rights taken and equality claimed in the brotherhood of Hip. As for the commuting homosexuals, white and Negro, their languid postures and lazy obscenities are, even more, challenges flung in the public face. Like the heterosexual pairing of race, they are not merely living as they choose to live and cannot elsewhere; they are thrusting themselves on society, consciously committing acts of aggression on observers who betray their aversion.

It is, indeed, this joyous self-consciousness, this threat of violence, that makes the Greenwich Village I now see a different place from the Greenwich Village I knew before. There is nothing new in the rebellious and restless young seeking a refuge for their differences: we too sat around in cafés and speakeasies, strangely attired and carelessly groomed, making our own world. We too proclaimed our right to promiscuity and experiment, confessing proudly to dark urges. We too preferred the warmth and intimacy of Village streets to the barren respectability of the uptown reaches. We too found color and excitement in the company of artists and actors, artisans and playwrights, sculptors and poets.

As for squares, we felt the same contempt for Babbitts. We even had our beatniks, with this difference: ours worked or talked of working. And here again, I believe, is another gap between them and us: we not only believed that a better world was possible but that we could make it. The pose of nihilism requires passivity, the act of nihilism implies destruction. The Village Beats, commuting and resident, either do nothing or do harm. Where we may have committed violence against ourselves, through drink or despair, they commit violence against the image of man by assuming that their chaos is his truth.

GREENWICH VILLAGE was the natural home of the artist in New York; the only place where rents were low, the light unblocked by high buildings, unrefracted by reflecting walls of glass. Here they could live cheaply and simply, meeting each other without planning, be-

having freely without the inhibitions and attention of a formal society. Here, in this quiet backwater, they could escape the competitive frenzy of commercial Uptown and financial Downtown and allow the small pleasures to flower.

Many artists still live there for those reasons, though the reasons are daily diluted. The rents for good studios are now so high that artists cannot afford them: only the well-to-do who like big rooms and the aura, if not the substance, of art. Most of the working painters now live in rows of near-tenements or loft buildings on the streets near Third and Second, from Eighth to Fourteenth. They have their light and their enclosed company. They are even a "school" of painting, but they do not share those specific visual and community charms long clustered around the nuclei of Washington and Sheridan Squares. Possibly, since their eyes are turned inward, they do not need them: it is their fortune to be independent of external beauty, if, indeed, they acknowledge this term. I suspect in this "independence," in their total absorption in their own viscera, merely one more performance of a role, one more expression of the self-consciousness that makes the Village more of a show than a reality.

YET WHERE ELSE in New York is there a comparable community? Where else can light stream over low houses and books be as plentiful as fruit? Where else can people stroll without direction and meet without planning? If the talk is strange, it is at least not of money. If the faces are strange, they are at least not closed. In the Village people drink wine and coffee rather than martinis, they go to plays more than they look at television, they eat pasta rather than cottage-cheese salads, they walk more than they ride.

And where else in New York is a great green square where in summer guitarists can play and trumpeters blow and old men bend over chess? The grass is dusty, the walks littered, and among the sitters and strollers are deranged and lost and evil faces. But mothers bring their children to play, lovers sit with each other, and those who live within its radius look upon it and say, "This is ours."

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'Good Jelly's' Last Stand

DAVID HALBERSTAM

NASHVILLE

THE OTHER DAY the local police raided a Negro barbecue and beer joint and arrested nine people. The raid and the arrests came as something of a shock to the owner. "I don't know why they're bothering me," said Henry ("Good Jelly") Jones, restaurateur, bootlegger, and politician, "It ain't election time." But bother him they did, and because Good Jelly (or just "Jelly" to his friends) is something of a local celebrity these days, there was a sizable press section on hand for his trial.

The reporters were not disappointed. Good Jelly's wife, when asked whether a gallon jug was the same jug found during the raid, answered, "I don't know. Jugs don't have no names." Later the white prosecuting attorney asked her why she found it so easy to answer defense questions and so hard to understand his. "Mr. City Attorney," said Robert Lilliard, her Negro attorney, "she's a little confused by all your high-class words. You just talk like we talk down at Good Jelly's and we'll be all right." "High-class words," snorted the city attorney. "What's so high-class about the words 'white corn' ?"

THE CASE came out as everyone knew it would: the charges against Good Jelly and his friends were dismissed. For if Good Jelly has a striking ability to get into trouble, he has an even more remarkable ability to get out of it. Fifteen times he has been called before the bar of justice in recent years, fourteen times he has been set free. The explanation of this enviable batting average lies deep in the structure of Southern politics, the Negro's role in it, and the specific power structure of Nashville. Henry Jones, with his golfer's cap, big flashing smile, and long police record, is a power. He is among the last of the ward heelers. Very simply, he controls the votes of a large number of unbelievably poor people, and for a minimum of service, protection, and financial reward, he delivers these same votes without the slightest concern for ideology.

In Nashville, he is the Negro whom many Negroes like least to think about; he is the Negro whom many whites like most to think about. In his own blunt word, he is a "nigger"; what is worse, that is all he wants to be. Respectable Negro society shuns him, yet to some of the Negro poor he is perhaps the only truly big man in their lives.

Good Jelly first became interested in politics at an early age. Because he was an uneducated Negro there were distinct limitations to the ambitions he might reasonably entertain and yet many people who govern his city and who dedicate schools and other buildings in the highest of ideals are perfectly willing to deal with him. "Call him a backdoor Negro," said one white leader; "they won't have their picture taken with him, and they won't pose with him, even at Negro functions. But they know how to get hold of him." When a white man once complained about Jelly's police record and about his bootlegging and the fact that he has many friends among politicians, a Negro answered: "That's the way you people really want him."

It is hardly surprising, then, that the complexities of playing the system at both ends have produced two Jellies. They are separate but equal Jellies. There is a Jelly for whites and a Jelly for Negroes. The whites' Jelly is an ingratiating Uncle Tom, laughing, smiling, hiding from any slightly serious question or threat behind the big smile and a joke (in which old Jelly is always the butt). The Negroes' Jelly is something different. He is kind: he has clothed many of his people, housed more, and fed them all. If he calls one and gives him the key to the big black Cadillac and says it's time to move the Caddy, the man is honored by the assignment; if he calls eight of them together and says that the newspaper wants their picture and that he, Jelly, approves of the idea, then a picture of eight smiling faces is taken; if he tells them to vote this way or that, they vote this way or that.

"I carry a lot of weight around here," Jelly admits. "'Bout half the people in this precinct I control. Two hundred, three hundred people. They're my people."

'I Don't Turn Them Down'

Good Jelly is a dark, stocky man of about fifty, whose use of minstrel-show techniques in front of whites is a legitimate heritage. As a young man he left his Nashville home and joined the cast of the Mandy Green from New Orleans Minstrel Show (the poor man's version of the famous Silas Green show). For Mandy Green he traveled the South as what he calls "one of those black-face comedians, and I was pretty good." Then he returned to Nashville, where he became associated with the then ruling Negro ward heeler, "Pie" Hardison. "I was Pie's chauffeur. He thought I was a pretty good fellow, and I was a good driver and a good talker, and so he got me into politics. One time Pie said I ought to be in there pitching for the mayor, and I said: 'If you want the mayor, then I'm pitching one hundred per cent,' and so I got him the votes."

Pie Hardison is gone now and his heir does his pitching from a small hut off a dark alley deep in the Negro slums. In a small half-masonry, half-wooden café, he cooks, bootlegs, and politicks. There is one small sign over the door—it is upside down—and it says "BEST." Jelly says this is not the name of the café, that the name is "Jones Barbecue." It is a small café and there are no menus, only signs on the walls. At one end of the café white beans cost twenty-five cents, at the other they cost twenty-one cents. There, with regular violations of local whiskey laws ("We have some whiskey but we don't have no beer—we have to send out for the beer"), he operates his machine: the restaurant is essential to his success as a politician.

For Good Jelly's machine has been described by one reporter as "the lame, the sick, the poor, and a few of the penniless." Good Jelly himself says: "Down in this part folks don't have but a little money and so they come over here when they have

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a little and we feed them, and they come over here when they don't have any money and we still feed them. I don't turn them down. I always feed them and I get them a place to sleep, most times right here, and get them to a hospital, and even a job sometimes. They get what I got, these folks, and they don't forget."

IF THE VOTERS don't forget, neither does Good Jelly. He keeps a thorough file on each of his debtors: name, favors granted, address—or frequently the address of someone who will know where to find the debtor. Before election day Good Jelly will make sure all his friends are registered; he will also send out cards reminding them of their civic responsibility. Come election day and Good Jelly takes out his big Cadillac and herds his people to the polls. He likes to start early; it gives him more time later in the day for rounding up slackers. "I'll tell you why Good Jelly has got so many friends," said Robert Lilliard, the Negro attorney who is also a city councilman. "A lot of these politicians just like him: you can really count on Jelly. If he's for you, why you can check his precinct the next day and his votes will be there. If you treated him right."

Good Jelly himself says that he asks little for his interest in politics. "I'm for any man that's a good man," he is fond of saying. How does he tell who's a good man? "I read about this man, see, and I can tell if he's for me. I want to know all the issues."

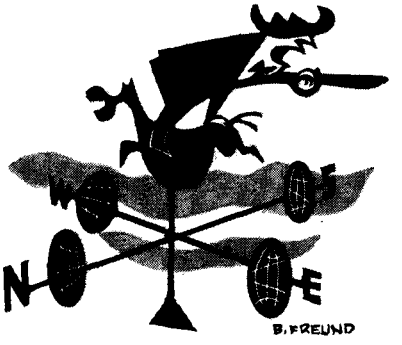
Is that all? What issues? "A lot of these men, they want to be politicians and so they come and see Jelly and I see how friendly they are, and they're pretty friendly. They're good men. We talk about these issues. All of these issues." He repeated emphatically: "I'm for any man that's a good man."

Other interpretations of Good Jelly's political motivations have been offered from time to time. "I'd say he gets an average of about $300 for an election," one white politician told me. "It depends. On a close local election with a lot at stake I expect he's gotten $500 or more. Maybe a thousand."

"How much money did you get for the sheriff's race," I asked him point-blank.

"Money? Money? I wouldn't do none of that," he said. "The man, he come down here and he was a good man and he said how he wanted to do right . . ."

It is not without a touch of regret that many white politicians, worried by the new power of the sit-in leaders and the young Negro ministers, foresee the demise of Good Jelly and his kind. "You make the deal with Jelly," one politician said, "and that's it. You don't have to worry about him coming downtown with a bunch of his damn people and sitting down at some nice restaurant, or calling the damn newspapers and announcing he's going to picket some company for better jobs. Jelly's all right. Take care of



him on the drunk and disorderly and that kind of thing, and that's it."

"He comes through?" I asked.

"We take care of him and he takes care of us," the man answered.

Out the Back Door

It was, of course, inevitable, given a one-party electorate in which factions outweigh issues in local elections, that more than one faction would sooner or later make demands on Good Jelly's talents. Thus for the past two years he has been caught right in the middle of the factional fight between the forces of the mayor and the forces of the city judge, who might one day like to run for mayor.

In the past, Good Jelly usually swung with the judge. But as a student of local politics (you never know who will be your next ally and similarly your next enemy), he steadfastly refuses to burn his bridges. "I been a deeply strong supporter of the mayor. I'm not mad at him. He knows ol' Good Jelly." Similarly, as a student of the science of local law enforcement, Good Jelly is hesitant about turning on the police. "The police," he says, "they see I'm a pretty good fella, and like I'm trying to do the right thing and they're all right. I like the police."

A showdown between the two factions came during last year's election for sheriff. The mayor's forces favored the incumbent; the other forces, including the city judge, favored his opponent. Police and sheriff's deputies swarmed over Good Jelly's café all week long. Several times Jelly was threatened with arrest. He placed signs for the incumbent in his café, but the policemen couldn't watch everywhere: while they sat and talked with Good Jelly in the front of the café, Mrs. Good Jelly slipped out the back and voted the Jelly machine for the opponent—who carried that precinct five to one.

JELLY'S LACK of concern about civil rights galls many young Negroes in Nashville. "If John Kasper were running against Thurgood Marshall and it was a local race and the right people went to see Jelly for Kasper, that's all it would take," said one Negro bitterly. Jelly himself has said: "My folks, they're not the integration type. They're not interested in all that. All they want is a little food." Attorney Robert Lilliard has explained Jelly's continuing popularity in just about the same terms: "Those folks, they aren't going to eat at Woolworth's or Grant's or anything like that. But they got to eat. Jelly's the only thing those people have, and he looks mighty good to them."

But even Lilliard concedes that sooner or later other political leaders will supplant Good Jelly Jones and his kind among the Negroes. "You take this city, growing all the time, and the city limits going out, and the Negro making a little more money all the time—a thing like Jelly got, it's getting to be less and less important all the time. Five, ten years from now there probably won't be any Good Jelly. Pretty soon both sides too busy worrying about this middle-class vote to pay for Jelly. That's where the next battle will be."

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Tito's Homemade Communism

ALVIN Z. RUBINSTEIN

On November 28, 1960, President Tito announced that Yugoslavia would adopt a new constitution in 1962, in which the role of the government in the nation's economy would be curtailed and the power of the worker would be increased. He noted the successes of the past decade and declared that the state should serve only as a co-ordinator while the citizen acted as "producer and manager." This development is another of a series of steps taken in recent years by the Yugoslav Communist leaders to "democratize" the system.

Yugoslavia is Communist in ideology, but in practice it has been distinguished by elements alien to Soviet Communism: a measure of political toleration unique among Communist systems, a mixed economy distinguished by considerable decentralized authority, and a large degree of cultural freedom. The Yugoslav experiment deserves close attention because it is an outstanding example of the impact of nationalism upon Communism, and because its continued success may well lead underdeveloped countries—many of them seeking to industrialize and modernize their economies within the framework of an authoritarian welfare state—to consider adopting certain Yugoslav policies and practices. An increasing number of these countries have come to the conclusion that western democracy is a luxury they can ill afford at this stage of their development.

The Differences

In present-day Yugoslavia, freedom to travel exists for foreigner and citizen alike. There are none of the proscriptions on domestic movement so characteristic of the Soviet Union, and few on travel abroad. Everywhere the foreigner is greeted with friendliness, curiosity, and a desire to communicate.

During the past decade Yugoslavia has undergone a series of fundamental transformations. These are perhaps most apparent in the economic sphere, where the régime has established institutions and policies designed to encourage a maximum of local autonomy, democratic procedures, and communal initiative. Yugoslavia has decentralized its industrial sector, granting each enterprise considerable authority to determine its own rate of capital investment, as well as the kind and quantity of goods produced.

The key institution in this democratization and decentralization program is the workers' council, which combines managerial authority with a countervailing degree of union responsibility in the policy-making process. Each enterprise is run by a workers' council. The council draws up production plans, determines the extent of new investment, and oversees the distribution of profits. Significantly, the councils operate with minimal interference from the federal government. To encourage expanded production and increased productivity, enterprises are permitted to produce the same types of goods and to compete with one another for the available market. If this competition threatens to become disruptive rather than salutary, however, the Federal Executive Council (the key organ of governmental executive power) may intervene and effect a settlement.

Until recently, for example, one Croatian shipping firm had a monopoly on the run to the East Coast of the United States. A Slovenian firm, sensing an opportunity for profit, invested some of its capital in several fast ships and entered into competition. To avoid a prolonged commercial conflict, the government intervened, apportioning the U.S. run between the two firms.

Two Yugoslav automobile companies are now competing with each other. The firm having exclusive rights to produce the Fiat 500 and 600 in Yugoslavia is being challenged by a firm which has negotiated the right to produce the French Citroën. The firm producing the Fiats contends that the Yugoslav market cannot absorb both makes at this time and that to permit the production of Citroëns would result in squandering hard currency and an uneconomic utilization of resources. However, the firm seeking to produce Citroëns has apparently convinced the Federal Executive Council that it will not require hard currency and that imported spare parts will be financed by the export of other goods produced by the firm with no concomitant drain on the country's supply of hard currency.

The worker in Yugoslavia is free to choose his occupation, to move from one part of the country to another, and to change jobs. There are ample opportunities for him to improve his skill and status through education and on-the-job training. Unions play an important role in protecting the worker's rights and in obtaining higher wages and better working conditions. They also play an important role in the work-

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ers' council of the enterprise. In function they resemble unions in Western Europe more closely than they do Soviet unions.

Another striking feature of the economic system is the prevalence of private enterprise at the artisan and retail level. Though an individual may not own a factory, he may own his own shop or small business. In Belgrade, the wealthiest individuals are reputed to be the operators of private beauty salons. (One can easily distinguish a private shop by the presence of the individual's name under the store sign.) The government no longer seeks to pressure private entrepreneurs into joining state-controlled co-operatives; it hopes in time to gain adherents to the socialized sector by proving its economic advantage.

In agriculture, as a result of decollectivization, the peasantry has accommodated itself to the government. Again, the government hopes to win over the peasants, who own more than seventy-five per cent of the arable land, by demonstrating the advantages of state farms.

These policies seem to have benefited both the régime and the individual without in any way jeopardizing the hegemony of the Communist Party. But the newly expanded availability of consumer goods has led people to work harder and longer. Thus, the tailor in Belgrade who holds down two jobs—one in a government co-operative during the day, the other in his own apartment where he operates a private business in the evening—is not unusual. Increasingly, two jobs are necessary in Yugoslavia to enjoy a reasonably high standard of living.

Rents are relatively inexpensive, but apartments are in short supply. New housing is difficult to obtain. Virtually all new housing is being built by individual industrial and commercial enterprises, and not by the government. Priority for the new apartments is given to the executives and workers employed by the particular organization financing the new construction. The self-employed and those who work in enterprises not having much capital for investment in new housing—for example, the faculty of the University of Belgrade—have little prospect of obtaining new apartments. This may help explain the trend toward small families among the intelligentsia.

Orthodox Art Is Out

In the cultural realm, Yugoslavia enjoys a measure of freedom unparalleled in any other Communist country. There are many publishing houses, each having authority to publish whatever it considers marketable. What this means in practice is that Yuogslav authors may write critically of a wide variety of subjects, but they may not challenge the fundamentals of the socialist system or the concept of Communist Party rule; nor may they criticize President Tito. Former Vice-President Milovan Djilas, who did all three, remains in prison. Though Yugoslav writers have yet to develop a literary tradition of significant social criticism, they are moving slowly in this direction. One negative aspect of this freedom, according to Yugoslav intellectuals, has been the spate of sensational pulp "literature" put on the market.

Western literature is displayed in bookstores and seen regularly on private shelves. Political and economic writings that challenge the fundamentals of the system are not readily available but may be ordered by those engaged in scholarly research.

The "socialist realist" art of the 1945-1950 period, characterized by the régime's insistence upon conformity, orthodoxy, and emulation of Soviet art, is a thing of the past. Yugoslav architects, painters, sculptors, and musicians frequently study in America and Western Europe and are very much a part of contemporary movements. There is only a small market among individuals for their work because people lack the surplus income necessary for patronage. Painters, for example, sell most of their work to cultural institutions, industrial enterprises, and government agencies.

In architecture, Yugoslavs are designing buildings of great beauty, simplicity, and imagination. These can be seen in Belgrade and other large cities. They are especially evident in the provincial cities—in Pristina, for example—where an even greater willingness to encourage drastic departures from tradition seems apparent.

Rapid strides have been taken to develop an adequate educational system. Eight years of schooling are now compulsory. Anyone completing high school and desiring admission to a university must be accepted. All students are free to choose their areas of specialization; no quotas are established by the government, as in the Soviet Union, prescribing the number of students entering any particular field. Tuition is free and a fourth of the university students also receive further scholarship aid to help defray the cost of books, room, and board. Although the free tuition has created new headaches for the régime, it has opened up new vistas to those of peasant or working-class background.

These developments—in literature, in the arts, and in education—are recent, and therefore perhaps are not so well established in the system as most Yugoslavs hope and believe. There are encouraging indications, however, that the Yugoslav political elite is convinced of the essential correctness of the present pattern of economic and social organization and does not contemplate any return to a Soviet-type system.

After Tito, What?

In the political realm, the record is mixed. Yugoslavia remains a one-party state and no opposition to the Communist Party is permitted. But the party has increasingly removed itself from direct involvement in areas irrelevant to national security or the perpetuation of the régime. At the same time, it has encouraged a diffusion of decision-making power in such disparate areas as the workers' councils, the conduct of the universities, and the operation of social and cultural institutions.

A crucial question, rarely raised or discussed even in private conversations, is the matter of Tito's successor. A measure of the general affection and esteem felt for Tito can be seen in the minimal number of security guards who now accompany him on his travels through the country, a noticeable contrast to five or six years ago. The hope is frequently expressed that Tito will live to be a hundred. This is not only an expression of sentiment; it is also a reflec-

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tion of the political unity that the sixty-eight-year-old Tito symbolizes.

At present Tito has no rival, nor is one likely to emerge as long as he lives. The members of the party's executive committee all fought together as partisans during the war. Since then they have worked as a unit in handling the various domestic and external crises that have beset the country. The bonds forged throughout this period seem stronger than any differences of opinion or quest for personal power, at least as long as Tito lives. (The Djilas affair was a notable exception to this unity.)

After Tito's death there is the possibility that a Stalin-like dictator will emerge from the ensuing struggle for power, one who would seek to reorient Yugoslavia along Soviet lines. But most Yugoslavs tend to discount such an alternative, holding that decentralization and democratization have become too integral a part of the system. They point to the decollectivization of agriculture, the growing significance of the workers' councils, the spread of democratic procedures at the communal level, and the mushrooming of cultural freedom; they hold that no faction could reverse these developments and hope to survive. The economic-political consequences for the country would be so grave as to give rise to a counter-reaction to any would-be Stalin as a successor to Tito.

The national question, however—particularly the Croat-Serb antagonism—might erupt again following the death of Tito and lead to an erosion of Communist control, possibly to the disintegration of the Yugoslav state. But those who expect ethnic "particularism" to prove stronger than any "Yugoslav" feelings are mostly émigrés who tend to be influenced by their wishes. A majority of the Yugoslavs, regardless of their political attitude toward the régime, believe that the national question has been successfully resolved. They point with pride to the growth of a Yugoslav nationalism among the younger generation. Political fragmentation along national lines does not appear to be a realistic possibility.

The post-Tito leadership will probably function as a collective executive. Initially at least, it will probably be dominated by Edvard Kardelj, the party theoretician, and Aleksandar Rankovič, the party strong man, and continue to rule along lines now in effect. The cohesiveness of the present party leadership is expected to carry into the post-Tito period. But more than this, the party will remain dominant because there is no organized opposition of any political consequence with the potential for effective leadership. The party, the military, the intelligentsia, and the managerial elite are loyal to the régime and have a stake in perpetuating the system.

THE PRESENT POPULARITY of the régime rests not only on regard for Tito but on the national unity resulting from Soviet belligerence.

Three other postwar developments have contributed to the régime's stability and support.

First, the organization of the state along federal lines has effectively solved Yugoslavia's most serious prewar political problem. The six federal republics—Croatia, Slovenia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia, Montenegro, and Macedonia—were established along ethnic lines with the specific purpose of reducing, and eventually eliminating, deep-rooted antagonisms among the various nationality groups. The federal solution is designed to prevent any return to the prewar situation when the Serbs dominated the government. It also seeks to give the other nationality groups a more equitable share of governmental representation. The régime's solution of the national question is unquestionably its greatest contribution to Yugoslav unity and strength.

A concomitant of the federal solution has been the concept of Yugoslav, as opposed to any particularist, nationalism. With the passage of time a greater sense of national identity may be expected to develop, with its further strengthening of the popular commitment to the present system. To encourage national unity, the federal government seeks, through loans and taxation, to promote the economic development of the more backward areas of the country. It is also a crime to speak disparagingly against any nationality group.

Second, there is widespread acceptance of the objectives of the welfare state, particularly in the fields of education and medicine. The principal problem centers on the rapidity with which these benefits may be extended effectively to other fields and to the entire population. The introduction of free universal education, higher wage levels, socialized medicine, and expanded cultural opportunities have all enhanced the prestige of the régime. No longer is any serious thought given to attaining these objectives outside the framework of the existing system. The reason for this is a direct outcome of a third significant development: the growing political apathy of the younger generation.

Yugoslavs accept, and clearly appreciate, the need to avoid political controversies that might jeopardize the stability and prosperity of the past five years. Years of war and consequent drastic changes have drained people of revolutionary fervor. Aside from a small segment of the party and the intelligentsia, few have any interest in ideological dialogues on the "correct" road to socialism and the organization of society. The present generation is primarily interested in acquiring a higher standard of living and in enjoying Yugoslavia's current prosperity.

IT HAS BEEN SAID by social scientists that the test of a régime's ultimate character can best be seen in its treatment of its own population. If this is true, then there are signs that the Yugoslav variety of socialism may continue to move ahead slowly, seeking increasingly nonauthoritarian solutions to its complex problems.

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Russia's Farm Crisis

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

For several months the Soviet press and the Soviet propaganda agencies have been preparing the public for an important session of the party's Central Committee, which was originally scheduled for the middle of December. The main point on the agenda, the only one to be published, was the situation in farming. In accordance with the well-established ritual, the newspapers daily displayed the farmers' greetings to the Central Committee and their pledges to raise and improve output. Then, it was suddenly announced that the session had been postponed till January, 1961. No explanation was given, but none was needed to make Soviet people aware of a struggle over agricultural policy that was going on in the ruling group, and of the important consequences this was likely to have.

Soviet farming has now had two lean years after four or five fat ones. There were exceptionally bad climatic conditions and poor crops in 1959 and again in 1960. Although nature may be a "nonpolitical factor," a depression in farming, especially in Soviet farming, usually has political repercussions, because it lays bare the weaknesses of the technical and economic organization of agriculture and of the government's policy. The two bad harvests have been two blows to Khrushchev's policy and prestige, blows that are all the more telling because much of his prestige rested on the presumed success of his reforms in farming and the resulting improvement in Soviet standards of living. Already at the December, 1959, session of the Central Committee these reforms came under attack; and they are under even heavier fire just now.

Khrushchev's successes have up to a point been quite real but, as it turns out, not quite stable. By means of a whole series of concessions to the farmers, by freeing them from rigid government control, raising prices for agricultural produce, and selling the stocks of the machine tractor stations to the kolkhozes, Khrushchev had given the farmers incentives that had been denied to them ever since the beginning of collectivization.

Consequently, between 1953 and 1958 grain output went up steadily from 85 million tons (the average for the last five years of the Stalin era) to the bumper crop of 141 million tons in 1958. In the same years government purchases of grain, mostly wheat, on which the provisioning of the towns depends, went up from 32 to 57 million tons, those of milk and dairy produce from 12 to 25 million tons, and those of meat from 5 to 7.5 million tons. These increases enabled the government not only to improve considerably the Soviet town dweller's diet but also to export foodstuffs to Poland and Hungary and to countries outside the Soviet bloc.

Khrushchev's price policy was reflected in rural incomes derived from food sales. These rose from about 35 billion rubles in the early 1950's to 135 billion in 1958. The peasantry had all the more reason to be contented because this net gain of 100 billion rubles was accompanied by a drop of about twenty per cent in the prices of those industrial goods the farmers purchased from town.

'Within a Few Years'

It is not known exactly just how bad the 1960 harvest was. The fact that the government has not yet published the relevant figures indicates that it has been bad enough. According to optimistic estimates that may be deduced from some official statements, the grain harvest declined from the high mark of 141 million tons to around 110 million tons. A pessimistic but probably too extreme estimate puts the figure much lower. Even in the light of the optimistic estimate, the agricultural surplus that made possible recent improvements in Soviet living standards has shrunk greatly for the time being.

This need not lead to a substantial deterioration in the nation's diet. It must be assumed that during the fat years the government has laid in stocks on which it can now draw. But what it does mean is that the popular expectation of a further rapid continuous and even startling improvement in living conditions is bound to be frustrated. Gone are the days when the Soviet premier repeated on every occasion the boisterous prediction that "within a few years" the Soviet citizen would catch up with the American in meat consumption. The propagandists do their best to make people forget that that unfortunate prediction was ever uttered.

The effect of the setback to Soviet farming is more immediately felt outside the Soviet Union, in the other Communist-ruled countries. It so happens that China and Eastern Europe have also had bad harvests these last two years and have looked to Moscow for help. As early as last summer, Moscow issued a grave warning to its allies that it would not have large surpluses in 1960 and that they must fend for themselves. The question was certainly raised again during the recent conference of Communist leaders in Moscow, and the response could not have been reassuring to Khrushchev's clients. This probably accounts for the speeding up of collectivization in Hungary, announced by Kadar on his return from Moscow. It is true that increased pressure for collectivization may cause Hungarian peasants to produce less than they have produced hitherto; but the collectivist organization may nevertheless enable the Kadar government to extract more from them and so secure in some measure the provisioning of the towns. The situation is more critical in Poland, where resistance to collectivization is powerful not only among the peasantry but in Gomulka's own party and entourage, and where food shortages appear to have been worse than elsewhere in Eastern Europe.

Experiment in the Virgin Lands

Khrushchev has staked a great deal on the plowing up, in 1954-1957, of the eighty million acres of virgin land, most of it in the steppe of Kazakhstan. He has set up there about 1,200 new giant sovkhozes, or state-owned farms, the produce of which was to make his food policy

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partly independent of the unstable productivity and unstable moods of the kolkhoz peasantry. In the first few years the harvests of the virgin lands were indeed abundant; and in the flush of success Khrushchev often regaled his audiences with the story of how his rivals, especially Malenkov, had opposed him in this bold experiment and had predicted its failure. Apart from his rivals, some of his own agricultural experts had also feared that the steppe might, after yielding a few rich crops, turn into a dust bowl. Many people, from the Central Committee down to the tillers of virgin lands, are now wondering whether these warnings were not justified after all.

Criticisms are also expressed, even in the Soviet press, about the consequences of Khrushchev's other great move, the sale of the machine tractor stations to the collective farms. The critics claim that as a result of this and also of the decentralization of industrial control, agricultural machinery is not renovated in time, not kept in good repair, and is being less efficiently used. These criticisms may be pointless: one or two good harvests may redress the balance; and, anyhow, the machine tractor stations cannot be reconstituted, nor can the new virgin-land farms be abandoned. But what is questioned is the soundness of Khrushchev's judgment.

New tensions are also making themselves felt in the Soviet countryside. Khrushchev's great popularity there was largely based on the gain of 100 billion rubles the peasantry had pocketed in 1958. (The net gain per family was more than 5,000 rubles in cash, a considerable sum for peasants earning most of their upkeep in kind.) The expectation of a further rapid rise in incomes has led to something like a building boom and a spending spree in the villages. With the decline of rural incomes in two consecutive years, Khrushchev's popularity with the kolkhozniki has also declined.

ONE SOCIAL TENSION, which is not quite new but has never been spoken of hitherto and is now aggravated, is the antagonism between the "wealthy" and the "poor" collective farms. The wealthy kolkhozes are those which are situated on the more fertile soil or closer to big industrial centers and which have accumulated the larger stocks of cattle, machinery, etc. The sale of the machine tractor stations has done something to make rich kolkhozes richer, and consequently the poor poorer. In any case, from the poor collective farms the outcry now comes that Khrushchev's reform has increased inequality among the farming population, because only the wealthy kolkhozes were in a position to buy up the agricultural machinery he had put on sale. Surprisingly, this cry has been allowed to reverberate in the columns of *Selskaya Zhizn* ("Rural Life"), a paper with a large circulation in the countryside.

Among the industrial population, on the other hand, the feeling is widespread that Khrushchev has been allowing rural interests to take precedence over urban ones. There are enough groups around the Presidium to voice that feeling. A year ago Khrushchev was directly attacked at the Central Committee for discriminating in favor of the farmers and against the workers by letting rural incomes rise faster than industrial wages. He had to wind up the December, 1959, session with a solemn assurance that he would not allow this "discrimination" to go on. Since then the criticisms have been repeated, however, this time in connection with a wider egalitarian pressure that comes from factories—a pressure otherwise directed against the bureaucracy and the managerial groups rather than against the peasantry.

These manifestations of conflicting social pressures are probably the most significant new development in the Soviet body politic, where no such manifestations have been allowed for nearly thirty years. For a régime with a totalitarian tradition, this is in many respects a critical development. It has already led to the clamor raised from various rural quarters for a national organization of farmers. This demand was also discussed at the Central Committee in December, 1959. The clamor has now been renewed in connection with the forthcoming session of the Central Committee. The dilemma it presents is obvious: can the present system permit the development of a powerful nationally organized pressure group representing the farming interest? The last time the call for a national peasant organization

KHRUSHCHEV'S ROSY PICTURE

"It goes without saying that the lag in our agriculture as compared with yours in the sphere of mechanization and labor productivity is a temporary thing. The socialist system of agriculture makes it possible to overcome this lag within a short time and attain a labor productivity higher than on your farms. It offers boundless scope for developing production since it knows neither crisis nor competition. In our country there is not and cannot be any danger of some farm being ruined. In our country we have a sufficiently high standard of agriculture, skilled personnel, and an engineering industry capable of manufacturing machinery needed for agriculture. We strive to accomplish integrated mechanization of all agricultural production processes by applying perfect machines and by utilizing the labor force in a more rational way and thus insuring greater output per person employed. We have remarkable machine operators who have attained higher labor productivity than on your best farms in cultivating corn, cotton, sugar beet, and other crops.

"All forces of the Soviet people, all efforts of the Soviet people are directed toward peaceful construction. We plan to produce and yield 164,000,000 to 180,000,000 tons of grain, 76,000,000 to 84,000,000 tons of sugar beets, at least 16,000,000 tons of beef, 100,000,000 to 105,000,000 tons of milk.

"The Soviet people are confident that these planned targets will not only be fulfilled, but will actually be overfilled.

"Already in 1959, the over-all output of milk in the Soviet Union was more than in the United States, and, within the next few years, we hope to overtake the United States, also, in the per capita output of this product and also in the production of butter per capita population."

—Excerpts from a speech to the Des Moines Chamber of Commerce, September 22, 1959.

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was heard (and suppressed) was around 1925. That it should resound now once again, in circumstances changed beyond recognition, is no mean indication of ferments in the depth of Soviet society and of the yearning of various social groups for a genuine and autonomous representation.

The Epoch of Agrotown?

The immediate issue before Khrushchev and his government is whether to continue the "promuzhik" policy of recent years or to reverse it or modify it. This is the issue that the Central Committee has to resolve.

A possible clue to the way the decision may go, is the report, which comes from Kazakhstan, of the wholesale organization of Agrotowns there. (It will be remembered that around 1950 Khrushchev played with this idea but was disavowed by Stalin.) With the Agrotown, which leaves far less scope than does the present kolkhoz for individual incentives and profits, Soviet farming would move a long way toward the pattern of the Chinese communes, although in the Soviet Union this pattern would be applied on a much higher level of agricultural technology than in China.

It is still difficult to judge the full significance of the reports about the "new great movement for Agrotowns" in Soviet Central Asia. Curiously, only the *Pravda* of Kazakhstan speaks about it—the Moscow *Pravda* has so far been silent about it, although the authorities in Kazakhstan say openly that the initiative for the new move has come from Moscow.

It is possible that the Agrotowns are being set up only on the virgin-soil farms, whose population does not have any genuine peasant tradition and may not resent or resist the change. But it is just as likely that Kazakhstan has been chosen as the testing ground for a pilot project, and that presently the "epoch of Agrotown" will be inaugurated for the whole of the Soviet Union. If so, rural Russia is on the eve of a tremendous upheaval.

Is Khrushchev ready to start this upheaval? This is the question to which the January session of the Central Committee will almost certainly provide the answer.

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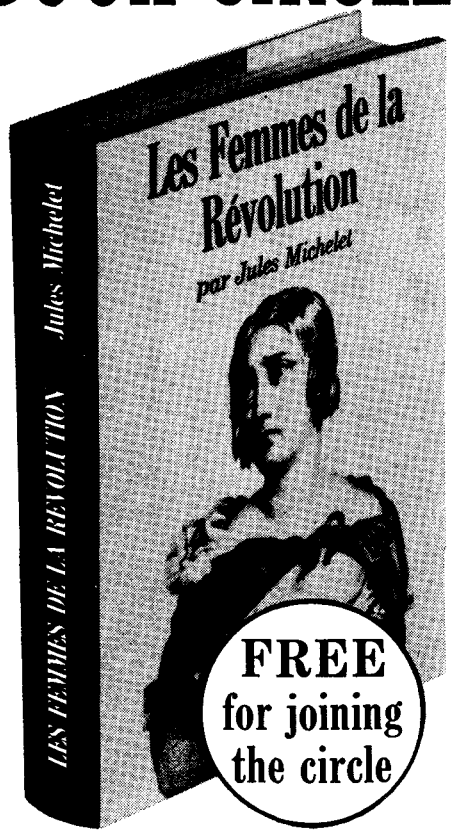

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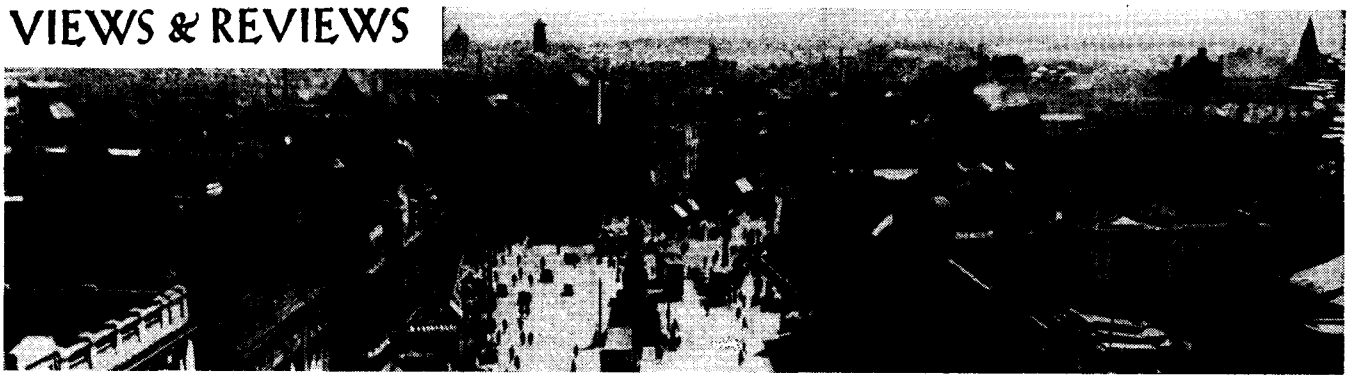

The Hunger Strike

FRANK O'CONNOR

REVOLUTIONS and civil wars are brutal and messy things, and the results are rarely satisfactory. At least, that was so with the Irish Revolution. We had forced the English to come to terms and then had a civil war as to whether the terms were good enough. Month by month war between the Free State and De Valera's mythical Republic grew more embittered and unscrupulous, and I was sick to death of raids and ambushes.

Imprisonment would almost have been a relief, but on my first night in a Cork jail a young fellow was brought in who had been beaten and bayoneted by the Free Staters. In the early morning I held his hand, which had been beaten to the consistency of putty, walked with him to the head of the iron stairs, and stood watching him as he staggered painfully down in the gaslight. A few days later he was executed.

After that the internment camp in Gormanston *was* a relief. It was an American Army Air Force camp dating from the First World War, and its plumbing still functioned in a sort of way. Each morning I rose before anyone else was awake, took a cold shower and a brisk walk of a couple of miles round the compound, and prepared my lessons for the day. I taught Advanced Irish and—later—German.

But I had only been in the camp a few days when one morning, preparing my lessons, I noticed a gap in my education. I opened an Irish grammar for what must have been the first time, and the shock nearly killed me. M. Jourdain's astonishment on discovering that he had been talking prose all his life was nothing to mine on discovering that I had been talking grammar, and bad grammar at that. It is one of the drawbacks of being completely self-educated that one can even overlook grammar.

I sometimes wonder whether that belated discovery of grammar, particularly of the objective case, did not change my whole character. It gave me at last a standard for what was right and wrong, and I found myself arguing against the other men in the big American hut where I slept. One evening I sat listening to a Corkman in a little group who was singing about some hero who had died for Ireland and the brave things he had said and the fine things he had done. I suddenly realized that the subject of the song was the boy whose hand I had held in the prison in Cork only a short time before, and suddenly the whole nightmare came back. "It's as well for you fellows that you didn't see his face when the Free Staters had finished with it!" I said.

I think it was that evening the big row blew up and I had half the hut shouting at me. I shouted back that I was sick to death of the worship of martyrdom, that the only martyr I had ever come close to was a poor boy from the lanes like myself, and he hadn't wanted to die any more than I did. "And Pearse?" somebody kept on crying, invoking the name of the leader of the 1916 Revolution. "I suppose he didn't want to die either?" "Of course he didn't want to die," I replied. "He woke up too late, that was all." I was beginning to wake up myself.

All the same, that summer was exceedingly happy. When the weather was fine, I held my classes on the grass outside the school hut. I lived a healthier life than I could have lived at home; I had regular and pleasant work to do, and now that I had mastered the difficulties of grammar I knew I was doing it well. For me who had lived all my life by faith, it was an exhilarating experience to know I really was doing something well. In fact, it was the nearest thing I could have found to life on a college campus, the only one I was really fitted for, and I should have been perfectly happy except that I was still doing it at my mother's expense. I knew what those weekly parcels that she sent me cost—the cake, the tin of cocoa, the tin of condensed milk, and the box of cigarettes—and I realized that she must be going out to daily work to earn them for me. My surmise turned out to be true one day when one of the soldiers, who had served with Father in the old Munster Fusiliers got himself transferred to the garbage collection and brought me a letter from her. She had got work in the house of a plumber on Summerhill who was supposed to have "influence" and would try to get me released. In an emotional fit I replied that when I got out I would not be a burden to her for long, and she replied in a sentence that I knew did not apply particularly to me and was merely

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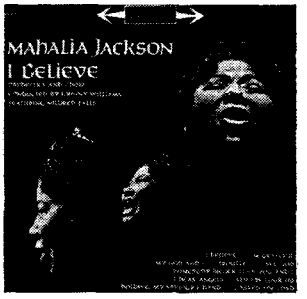

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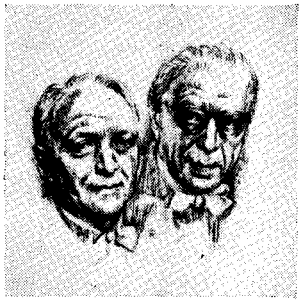

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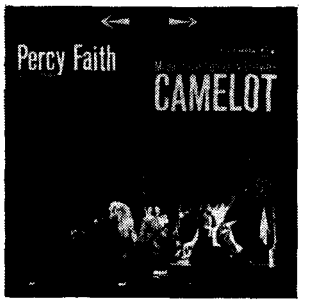
OSCAR BROWN is a stunning poet-actor, a composer-philosopher. He swings a classic fable, writes a powerful work song, reenacts the slave auctioneer's shocking chant. It's all a uniquely startling blend of folk song and jazz styles.

SIN AND SOUL / OSCAR BROWN/ 1577/CS 8377*

FAIR "CAMELOT"

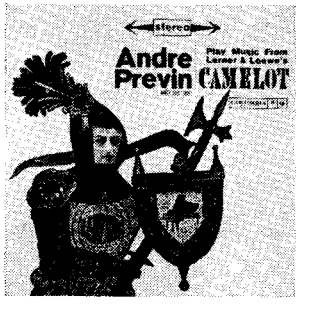
Lerner and Loewe, the magicians who conjured up "My Fair Lady," cast an even lovelier spell with their latest musical triumph, "CAMELOT." It's a happy mixture of old English legend and enchanted new melodies, presented by Richard Burton, Julie Andrews and the entire Broadway Original Cast.

CAMELOT / ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING / KOL 5620 / KOS 2031* / Tape: TOB 100 (2-track) OQ 344 (4-track)



There are other splendid sounds of "CAMELOT" too. PERCY FAITH arranges and conducts a suave instrumental version of the score.

MUSIC FROM LERNER AND LOEWE'S CAMELOT / PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CL 1570 / CS 8370*



Pianist ANDRE PREVIN and his jazz trio joust merrily with the tunes.

ANDRE PREVIN/CL 1569/ CS 8369*

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A mighty musical force of 450 – The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, The Mormon *Tabernacle Choir – bring forth the* massive majesty of Sibelius' "Finlandia." . . . More delicately scaled but equally invigorating is the ORMANDY-PHILADELPHIA interpretation of Vivaldi's "The Seasons."

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It's an historic occasion when the spirited DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET is joined by a singing voice – the sturdy baritone of JIMMY RUSHING. The resulting Quintet produces a rousing jazz "Collaboration."

*THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET FEATURING JIMMY RUSHING CL 1553/ CS 8353**

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part of her attitude to life, "If there were no wild boys there would be no great men."

Then, toward the end of the year, things began to go to hell. De Valera had issued a cease-fire order but refused either to negotiate or surrender—the government of the Irish Republic, being in its own eyes the only lawful government, could not negotiate with imposters, so its army was left to play football and study Irish behind barbed wire. But still, people *were* being released in dribs and drabs and at irregular intervals in a way calculated to fray anyone's nerves. When eight or ten were released on successive days, one's hopes soared; when a week passed with no releases at all, one grew hopeless.

Two audacious girls, realizing that no one was likely to kill them in cold blood, walked coolly across the fields one evening from the main road and stood outside the wire by the Limerick hut, asking for some relative. In their high tower the sentries fumed, waiting for a military policeman to escort the girls away. In no time a crowd gathered, and two or three men who knew the girls stood on the grass bank overlooking the wire and talked to them. The rest of us stood or sat around in complete silence. It was a long time since some of the group had heard a woman's voice. Nobody cracked a dirty joke; if anyone had, I think he might have been torn asunder. This was sex in its purest form, sex as God may perhaps have intended it to be—a completion of human experience, unearthly in its beauty and staggering in its triviality. "Mother said to ask did you get the cake." "Jerry Deignan's sister asked to be remembered to you."

ONE DAY a man called Kennedy and myself heard that a group of prisoners who had made themselves objectionable had been evicted from the Limerick hut, which was one of the smaller huts and divided into cozy little rooms. We were both studious and suffered greatly from the noise in the bigger huts. I had written an essay on Turgenev which I had submitted to some national competition, and for some reason now known only to God I was translating *Lorna Doone* into Irish. I had never seen the book before and have never looked at it since.

We applied and got the room, and only then did we realize that we had committed the unforgivable sin. If we had not applied, no one else would have done so, and after a few days the original occupants would have crept back. We carried our beds and mattresses into the new hut under a fire of taunts and threats from the dispossessed and their friends, and Kennedy, a tall, handsome man with a long, bony shaven skull, turned and denounced them in a cavernous voice that made me think of Savonarola. That should have been sufficient warning to me, because I am sure that Savonarola and I would never have got on. The Limerick men dropped in to make us feel at home, and they and I became fast friends. They were a curious lot, different from any other county group I had met, independent and apparently indifferent to what anyone thought of them. I thought this unusual, for Limerick has always been a hotbed of fanaticism and the only town in Ireland where Jews were persecuted. I can only suppose that after the public opinion of Limerick, any other seemed a joke.

They were the only group who sang in harmony, and I had a passion for part singing though I didn't know enough about music to join in it. Every evening we met in their big room to brew our tea and cocoa and they sang and argued like mad with me and each another. Here too they were different from the other county groups, because they didn't seem to resent my heresies in the least. But my roommate did. He was chockful of mystical nationalism which I found much more exasperating than mystical religion—though I often felt they were one and the same thing, only that along with an invisible God who was the fourth wall of our earthly stage, the mystics wanted an invisible Ireland as well.

Living in the presence of God was one thing, but living in the presence of Ireland was more than I could stomach. Kennedy began to sound more than ever like Savonarola. I know now that the fault was mine, because I was young and desperately trying to discover the objective case in my own life. Soon we were barely speaking, and he made a public profession of faith by pinning over his bed a manuscript poem by Frank Gallagher that contained the stock reference to martyrdom—"Death's iron discipline," I think it was. With youthful contentiousness I wrote out over my own bed my favorite lines from *Faust*—"Gray, my dear friend, is all your theory and green the golden tree of life." The word "life" seemed to affect Kennedy as the word "death" affected me, and he accused me of "beastly, degrading cynicism" and wanted to fight me.

After that we didn't speak again until the tragicomedy ended in the national hunger strike, and he took up his bed and returned to a hut where he could endure "Death's iron discipline" in good company. Fortunately, he thought better of it and lived to be a distinguished parliamentarian of whom I could say complacently, "Yes, he and I were in jail together," which is rather like the English "We were in Eton together," but considerably more classy.

AT THE SAME TIME an incident occurred that probably made me more intolerant than usual. The Free State authorities gave parole as the Catholic Church gave the sacraments—in return for a signed declaration that one would not take up arms again, and opinion in the camp was dead against such guarantees, though in fact there was no fighting and no prospect of it. The mother of one of the Kerry boys in the hut where I visited a friend called Moriarty was ill, and the neighbors wrote begging him to come home and see her before she died. She was a widow with a large family of younger children. Finally there came a wire that said, "Mother dying come at once." It caught me at my most vulnerable. I knew if Mother was dying and that this was the only way in which I could see her again, I would eat the damned declaration if necessary. I appealed to a friend in the camp command to order the boy to sign, so that his friends could not reproach him, but this was against our principles. I said bitterly that it was a great pity God hadn't made mothers with the durability of principles.

The mother died, and her younger children, left homeless, were taken in by the neighbors. The boys concealed this from him, but one day

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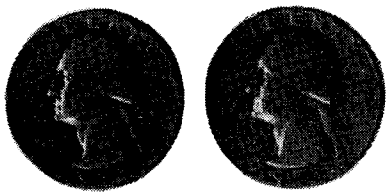

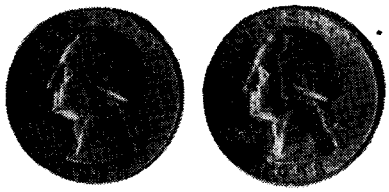

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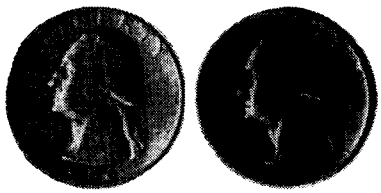

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 24

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
91 182 28 89 157 185 105 208 147 139 75 City buried by lava in 79 A.D.

B
35 175 95 123 Wife of Sir Geraint. Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

C
171 32 149 210 A cape.

D
219 198 133 117 It comes after vice.

E
221 41 9 47 Swerves off course.

F
16 69 201 135 A voucher for money; a pert girl.

G
194 199 18 212 A leading hotel in Lisbon.

H
5 191 167 "_____, _____ye lower middle classes!" W.S. Gilbert, Iolanthe.

I
119 163 30 189 Flemish painter, father (1600?-71) or son (1639?-1713).

J
44 159 93 21 121 7 196 143 39 73 51 77 Having four wings.

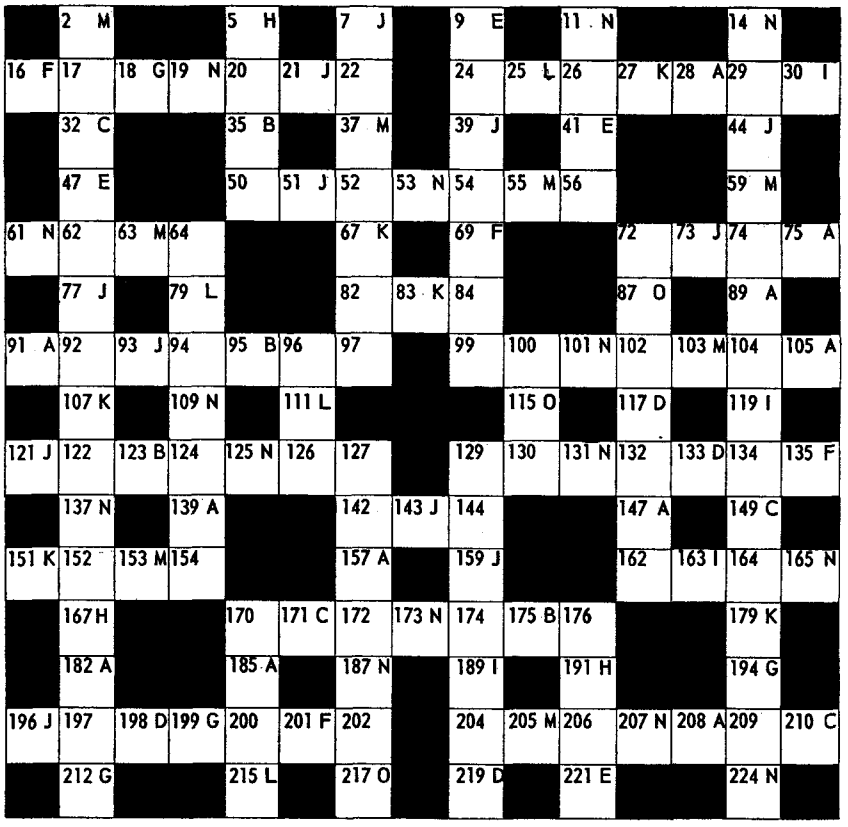
K
151 179 67 107 27 83 A bath sponge.

L
79 25 111 215 Abbr. pertaining to a famous university.

M
37 55 63 59 205 103 153 2 Showing two colors.

N
187 61 101 109 137 14 53 207 11 224 125
19 165 173 131 Important part of organization where Acrostician served. (7,8)

O
87 115 217 "A little month; or_____those shoes were old." Shakespeare, Hamlet.



Across

16. Make me a rich man in a vision.
24. Tax Oscar a bit for these old-fashioned vehicles. (2,5)
50. Takes a pill in the sun and draws up. (5,2)
61. Sweet Charlotte may embrace and burn.
72. Writer in a thousand makes the kind of thing he often wrote.
82. Cross in mischievous circumstances.
91. A moth likes to leave the sea and drink a favorite bedtime beverage. (3,4)
99. Did she win a pardon for her curiosity?
121. To make preparations may make Marxists sad.
129. A modiste is embraced by a hasty listener.
142. Freshly found in green ewers.
151. Prostrated in Los Angeles.
162. Wend a Rowan tree.
170. Albion and Glen.
196. I trail about the Old Dominion to find work.
204. Do Danes run these on a railroad?

Down

2. Artists' bureaux perhaps. (6,2,7)
5. A sputnik cry is like a soft bee's buzz.
7. An old pack may well belong on a hasp.
9. Whips or adoration.
11. A part of Tuscany you may wish to look over.
14. At an intersection where the ways may be irritated. (2,3,10)
64. The Hun surrounds Rome and throws it into confusion with a base circuit! (4,3)
72. I hear someone riding a bicycle, but he sells.
96. More than one Spanish article is a lot in Germany.
100. Part of a song without words played up with great skill.
127. Gun legs may lie close.
129. Let the smart set wear a jersey.
170. Ardor found in lover's lane.
176. A fishing boat turns up in a merry rodeo.

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as he was walking beside his hut he heard his name mentioned inside and stood by the window to listen. He waited until the conversation ended and then, without hesitation, walked straight across the compound toward the barbed wire. A sentry in one of the tall watchtowers had his rifle raised to fire when a military policeman rushed up. He brought the boy back to his room, and when he had left, the boy said, "They wouldn't even shoot me," and began to droop into silence and melancholia. And still no one had the sense to make him sign the declaration and go home.

Then the whole business turned sinister. It was announced that all prisoners in the country would take a pledge not to eat until they died or were released. I didn't know whether the morality or the expediency of this scheme was worse. We professed to be prisoners of war, and the government to which we gave allegiance would not surrender or come to terms. Besides, the idea that thousands of men would keep such a pledge to the point at which mass deaths would force the Free State government to release us seemed to me absurd. Mass martyrdom was only another fantasy of national mysticism, though there were plenty on our side to whom it wasn't even a fantasy but a vulgar political expedient to break the stalemate caused by De Valera's refusal to negotiate.

Two friends and I decided that we would not take part in the strike. A meeting of the men would have to be held to confirm the decision and we announced that we should speak at this. We were pretty scared, because we knew that our position among a thousand men hunger striking for their freedom would not be a pleasant one. But it seemed that others besides ourselves were scared, for at the last moment it was decided that the resolution initiating the strike would not be put to a general meeting but to meetings of county groups, so that between us we would only be able to address the Cork, Clare, and Kildare men, leaving ninety per cent of the prisoners unaware that there were objections to the strike. Then the youngest of us, Cathal Buckley, from Kildare, who was still a schoolboy,

JOHN DOS PASSOS

in Esquire . . . on Eleanor Roosevelt

Figures from every movement for social betterment in the country criss-crossed on Mrs. Roosevelt's White House calendar: folk-dancers, arts and crafters, Communist organizers, campfire girls, Negro waitresses, delinquent boys, unmarried mothers, young people's leagues for this and that. She found time for them all. She encouraged them all. She was a pushover for the word "youth."

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

in Esquire . . . on the hero of "Period of Adjustment"

I happen to know he didn't come on as strong with these dolls in Tokyo and Hong Kong and Korea as he liked to pretend to. He'd just sit up there on a pillow and drink that rice wine with them and teach them ***English!*** *Then come downstairs from there,* hitching his belt and shouting, "Oh, man! Oh, brother!"—like he laid 'em to waste.

RICHARD ROVERE

in Esquire . . . on television

After Breakfast television almost beggars description. There is the master of ceremonies who is always doubled up, and there are these people from Glen Falls who come in to see if they can win a little folding money by identifying Barney Google by the first four notes or by guessing which of three men in jodhpurs is the riding teacher, and, as heretofore noted, there is this studio audience which laughs at every answer, right or wrong.

DOROTHY PARKER

in Esquire . . . in a book review

I carry about with me through all my days a list of Things I Do Not Understand. One is the principle of the zipper; the other is the precise function of Bernard Baruch.

ROBERT OSBORN

in Esquire . . . on William F. Buckley, Jr.

JOHN CHEEVER

in Esquire . . . on Rome

Some Americans live in Rome because of the income tax and some Americans live in Rome because they're divorced or oversexed . . . but we live in Rome because my father's bones lie in the Protestant Cemetery.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

in The Nation . . . on Esquire

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was served with an order exempting him from the strike, but he promptly replied that he did not propose to avail himself of it and would not join the strike for conscientious reasons. I was greatly impressed by his presence of mind.

To make things worse, I had bronchitis, and had been ordered out to the camp hospital, beyond the wires. Before I went I attended the Cork meeting and made my speech. I was listened to in silence, and the resolution was passed with no one but myself dissenting. The other two, Tom Walsh of Clare and Cathal Buckley, had the same experience. They escorted me to the main gate on my way to the hospital. I was sorry now that I had agreed to go because it seemed as if I were deserting them.

That night in the hospital ward a military policeman led in a tall country boy with a vacant expression who had to be undressed and put to bed. I didn't need to ask who it was. It was the Kerry boy whose mother had died, and already his mind had begun to give way. I did not sleep much. I would hear a heavy sigh and a stir of clothes and my neighbor would slip quietly out of bed and pad across the floor to one of the tall barred windows. He climbed on the sill and stood there in his short shirt, his arms outstretched, his face crushed between the bars. He would remain like that for several minutes, and then give another deep sigh and return to his bed. A couple of times when I woke, the big searchlight had caught him in its blaze, and I saw him clearly with his arms outstretched. My heart turned over, for I could not help thinking of the Crucifixion. Each time I got up and brought him back to bed, but neither of us said a word.

I knew nothing of mental illness, but I understood his as though I had been responsible for it. I felt that if I had done to my mother what he in his innocence had done to his, I should be so crushed with guilt that I should take refuge in the farthest, darkest corner of my mind from it. For hours next day I sat by his bed, trying to talk to him. I found that with patience I could get him to follow a simple conversation in a fairly lucid way, but when the conversation veered even for an instant toward his home and family he slumped into vacancy again, and each time it was harder to rouse him. Next day they took him away to a mental hospital.

I COULD GET no treatment or even a discharge. Only a military doctor could discharge me, and he rarely put in an appearance. When he did so a couple of days later, I was mad with frustration and insisted on going back to the camp. It was a bitter, black day; the compound was a sea of mud and apparently deserted, since most of the hunger strikers had taken to their beds. I had a message from one of the hospital patients for a friend of his in the Cork hut, and I was shocked at the change in it. Partitions and doors had been torn down for firewood, big cans of water were steaming on the stoves, and the men were lying in or on their beds unshaven. Beside them were mugs of steaming salt water, which was supposed to stay the hunger pains. Those who were still up were shivering over the stoves, disheveled and gloomy. But it was the silence that struck me most—all that busy hammering, singing, and chatter ended. The men avoided my eyes, but as I went out I was followed by a general hiss. I had apparently got back in time to see things turn really ugly.

There was no change in my friends of the Limerick hut. Nothing seemed able to repress their high spirits, and when I came back from the dining hall with my tinware under my coat to avoid giving offense, they shouted for a report on the meal, cursed the cooks, and planned ideal menus.

But, though I didn't realize it, there was already a change. Next day a small group of Corkmen—some of those who had hissed me the previous day—gave in. There was an ugly scene in the dining hall as they pleaded for food, and the kitchen staff told them arrogantly that they must give twenty-four hours' notice before they could draw their rations. Walsh, Buckley, and I gave them ours. We were getting tired of high principles.

I was blamed for this collapse, without justification, because the three of us had already agreed that once the strike began, we would not attempt to influence anybody. That evening I received an order to leave the Limerick hut, live by myself in a store room sealed off from one of the bigger huts, and not enter any other. The Limerick men wanted me to ignore it and offered to deal with any force that was sent to eject me, but I felt they had already enough trouble on their hands. Buckley insisted on moving in with me, and when I protested he said quietly, "Oh, no, they're trying to break us up." The baby of our little group was growing up very rapidly.

There was nothing in the order to prevent me speaking to my friends, so that evening at dusk I went to see Moriarty and sat on his window ledge in the rain talking to him. He and his three roommates were in bed, drinking hot salted water. He complained that I had not given him the *Irish Statesman* for that week. I hadn't, because it contained one of the most furious leading articles its editor George Russell ever wrote; it was a violent attack on the hunger strike, and Walsh and Buckley had agreed with me that it would not be fair to allow anyone else to see it.

I told some lie about having left it behind me in hospital, but Moriarty didn't believe me. He was a thin, dark, dreamy Kerryman, with hands that were more sensitive than most men's faces.

"You didn't bring it because there's an attack on us in it," he said, and I had to admit he was right.

"Is it bad?"

"Pretty bad. Cathal and Tom also thought you'd better not read it."

"Oh, we'll read it," he said in his gentle, lazy way. "We're four sick men, but if you don't bring that paper tonight, we're going up for it."

Just then a file of soldiers passed beside me in the rainy dusk with a military policeman at their head. Two of them burst in the door of Moriarty's room, took the mugs of salt water from beside the beds and threw the contents past me into the compound. Then they refilled them with hot soup from a bucket. Before they could leave the room, Moriarty, mad with rage, jumped out of bed and emptied the soup after the salt water. I went back to my room, took the *Irish Statesman*, and tossed it in the window to him. He was still stammering with rage.

Next morning, as Buckley and I were on our way to the dining

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SPANISH IS DANDY
BUT
QUECHUA IS QUICKER

Ordinarily our Berlitz reports are accompanied by a cleverly conceived bit of cartoonery which prominently features an owlish, bespectacled, mortarboarded little chap, recognizable to the cognoscenti as: "The Man From Berlitz." In the above illustration "TMFB" is nowhere to be seen. We feel that an explanation is necessary.

There came to Berlitz in Boston one day, a Professor of Archeology, a practical man who knew where to find a practical solution to his language problem. He was about to leave for the Andean Plateau of Peru and felt that a working knowledge of Spanish would be helpful in dealing with the local citizenry. Berlitz pointed out that Spanish was the language spoken to tourists, llama buyers and archeologists. But, the language the Indians spoke among themselves was *Quechua* (KEH-chwah). The Professor was further assured that Berlitz could teach him to speak Quechua in the short time before his departure.

Our action now shifts to Peru. The Professor, as you can see from the above, is permitting himself a brief moment of un-professorial exuberance. He has just made a rare archeological discovery. How did it come about? . . . Earlier today he gathered his crew together and said to them the Quechuan equivalent of, "Any of you guys know any ruins around here that nobody's ever been to before?" The next thing he knew, the Professor was taken to the kind of ruins that most archeologists only see in their dreams. "This is fantastic!" the Professor exclaimed, "How come you never took anyone else here?" The Indians' reply was enough to gladden the heart of "The Man From Berlitz", all the way back in the United States (which is why he isn't in the picture). "Boss", the head Indian said, "nobody ever bothered to speak to us in our own language before."

The Professor later told Berlitz that these Indians were a proud people who were delighted to meet someone courteous and interested enough to speak to them in their native tongue. They showed their delight by guiding him to his archeological gold mine.

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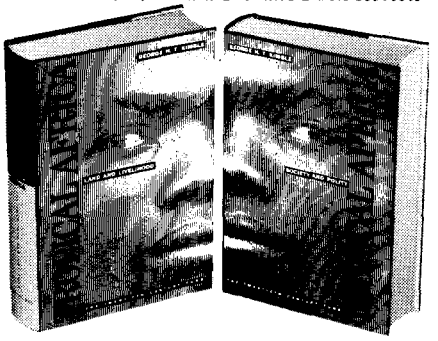

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hall with our plates under our coats, Moriarty and his three roommates staggered out to join us with their plates and mugs in their hands. I knew then that the strike was over. The others who had given in were only poor shamed and frightened boys, but Moriarty was a natural leader, and no one who followed his example need regard himself as a weakling. It had now become a mere endurance test, and already there was a different tone in the dining hall. The kitchen staff were on the defensive, waving their arms and shouting that they could not produce food without notice. The defaulters had ceased to be mere individuals and became a class.

But the strike dragged on for days before the master minds of the revolution saw that their organization was bleeding to death under their eyes and offered a hasty general dispensation. Immediately the whole camp became hysterical, guards and all. Even the sentries dropped their rifles and dragged buckets of soup from their own cookhouse to the barbed wire, and the prisoners tore their hands as they thrust their mugs through it, pushing and shouldering one another out of the way. Some got sick but came back for more. A tall bespectacled man who had not been invited to join the strike came up to me with an oily smile as I stood talking with Walsh and Buckley. "Well, professor," he said gleefully, "the pigs feed," and I turned away in disgust. The three of us were heartsick. We knew we should probably never again find ourselves with so many men we respected, and we felt their humiliation as though it were our own. In the years to come, traveling through Ireland, I would meet the survivors of the period—some of the best, like Walsh, I should not meet because they took off as soon as they could for America. "The Lost Legion," I called them. There they were in small cities and towns, teachers, shopkeepers, civil servants, bewildered by the immensity of the disaster that had overtaken them—the death-in-life of the Nationalist-Catholic establishment—and after a few minutes I would hear the cry I must have heard hundreds of times in those years: "The country! Oh, God, the bloody country!"

That same day another mass meeting was held. This time there was no nonsense about individual county meetings because one, out of sheer cantankerousness, might have voted to continue the strike and the strike was finished. I did not bother to attend the meeting, but Walsh brought an account of it. Everyone, it seemed, congratulated everyone else on the superhuman endurance and discipline that had been shown and exonerated those who had broken down. But this was anticlimax and everyone knew it. The camp was a grave of lost illusions; amid the ruin it was impossible to get the men to take pride in their work, and the school practically disbanded for lack of students. Nobody thought any longer but of how soon release might come for himself.

IT CAME FOR ME one bright November day when I was sitting with Walsh in his room. The Limerick hutleader burst in and said, "Come on, Michael!* You're being released." I didn't move. It was a favorite joke, though not one I should have expected from him, and I felt I must not give myself away. "Come on, the officer is waiting!" he said impatiently, and Walsh went pale and smiled and said in a low voice: "That's right, Michael, you're wanted." He accompanied me to my room, but the officer had gone, and suddenly I did believe it and wanted to cry. "Oh, he'll be back," the hutleader said testily. "Why don't you get your things together?" My shirt and underpants were drying on a line outside, but I left them there. Shaking all over, I made a parcel of my little library—the sixpenny anthologies of German and Spanish poetry, the anthology of Gaelic poetry, Heine's poems, Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea,* and a school history of the Crusades in French—my few slender links with the great world of European culture that I hoped one day to belong to. Suddenly the door opened and a green-clad figure asked, "Is O'Donovan there?" That was how they came to call you before a firing squad, and I fancy the sensation was rather similar. Too big to be apprehended, it left you stunned and weak, wanting to cry.

At the front office I was given the

* The author was born Michael O'Donovan

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travel voucher for the little group that was being released with me, and as the camp gate opened and we turned down a narrow country lane leading to the railway station I realized that it was a responsibility, for I could feel in myself the same hysteria that possessed the others. When they heard the sound of a car they looked around and cracked morbid jokes about being recaptured, and then measured the hedges at either side, wondering whether they could get over them. I understood it perfectly, because I wanted to get into the fields myself and then run like mad. Run and run and run and never stop! For the first time, I felt the presence of that shadow line which divides the free man from the prisoner.

Our women had set up a refreshment center in a little cottage by the road. Though I explained that there would be no train for an hour, the men did not want to go inside. They wanted to go back to the main road and bum a lift, and two of them finally did so. When the others had been reassured, we had sandwiches and tea, and the girls who served us escorted us to the little seaside station.

The small local train from Drogheda came in, and, seeing a young woman with a baby in one carriage, I climbed in beside them. All the way to Dublin I scarcely took my eyes from the baby. I am bad with men, indifferent with women, but I can no more pass a baby than a bookstore. All that year I had been missing what Patrick Pearse remembered on the night before his execution—"things bright and green, things young and happy."

IT WAS LATE next day when I reached home, and after the first excitement of homecoming was over my mother suddenly burst into tears and said, "It made a man of you." It was one of these remarks she dropped which puzzled and upset me because the context of them was always missing. I had noticed no change in myself unless it was an urgent realization of the importance of grammar, particularly the objective case, which would not have interested her. Now I know it was like the first night I came home from walking with a girl. She saw some change, and though

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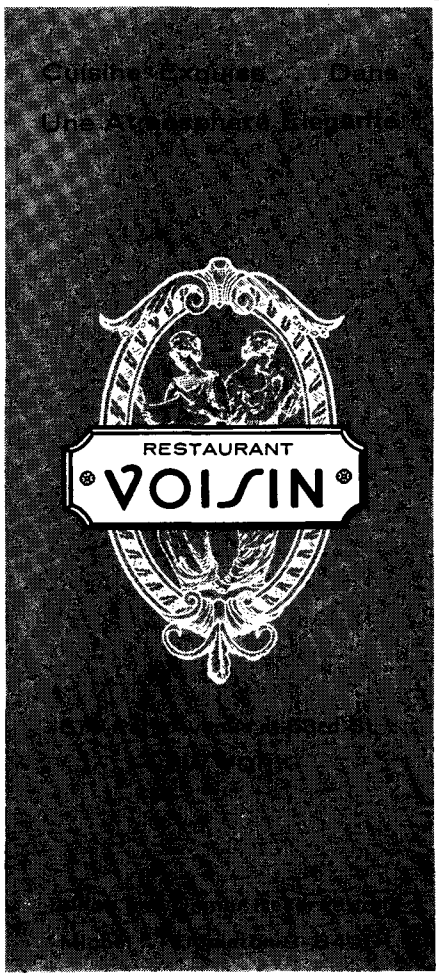

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RANDOM HOUSE

she might be glad that I was at last a man, she could not help grieving over the awkward adolescent who had depended on her so completely.

But the following Sunday I found I did not want to go to Mass, and at the first and only political meeting I attended I had to be rescued from a passionate young man who called me a traitor. After that, it was friends who believed I had done wrong in opposing the hunger strike, and a girl who said bitterly when we met in the street, "I hear you don't believe in God any longer." I was still so young and easily hurt that I had to explain all over again what it was I really believed.

It took me a long time to realize what my mother had seen in the first glimpse of me, that I had crossed another shadow line and that I should never again be completely at my ease with the people I loved, in their introverted religion and introverted patriotism. I had got out of one prison, but there were many others I had to escape from. I suspect she saw it all, in the way mothers do, and understood the consequences for me better than I have ever been able to do since.

Lost in Translation

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

IT IS WELL KNOWN that translation is a thankless task. Some of the reasons are inherent in the nature of the work. It is only natural for a reviewer to stress the mistakes in a translation, rare though they may be, and to take for granted the most felicitous renderings—precisely because they are triumphantly unobtrusive. It is also natural for a reviewer to blame a translator for a mediocre text, particularly if he is unable to compare it with the original, which may be worse than mediocre. A publisher naturally expects a translator to provide a readable text, and since a translation is usually paid for at a certain rate per English word (in this country a cent and a half per word is generally considered adequate), a great deal of a translator's work is actually unpaid for—his necessary editorial excisions, the rearrangements he must make and the paraphrases that are called for.

IN CONNECTION with a recent development in book publishing, however, those editorial functions of translators are being abused and at the same time are becoming in themselves an abuse. The market for popular treatments of important themes is widening, and this field is the scene of increasing competition among publishers. Some of them have hit on the idea of issuing versions of scholarly books stripped of all scholarly apparatus and confined only to the baldest *results* of a given historian's or scientist's investigation, omitting what is for the serious reader the essence of study: i.e., the methods and bypaths by which these results have been arrived at. In the case of foreign books, this task of stripping—which, if justifiable at all, should at least be entrusted to an expert in the field—is usually confided to the translator, who thus joins the publisher in treading unholy ground. The book is published as being "translated" from the original. Sometimes the word "adapted" or "edited" is added, but the unwary reader is given the impression that the book is essentially the original put into English, and that any editorial changes were made for the sake of improving the style.

What the little word "adapted" or "edited" may mean, or what its absence may conceal, is exemplified in three works that have lately come on the market. *Mozart and His Times*, by Erich Schenk, edited and translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf), is a book of 452 pages. Paul Henry Lang, who reviewed it unfavorably in the New York *Herald Tribune* "Book Review" for January 17, 1960, felt compelled, a few months later, to apologize publicly to Herr Schenk, having discovered the American book to be a "travesty" of the almost 800-page excellent German original.

(Continued on page 60)

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Frederick the Great, by Ludwig Reiners, translated and adapted by Lawrence P. R. Wilson (Putnam), was reviewed in the *Saturday Review* of October 22, 1960, by Professor Joachim Remak of Lewis and Clark College. "The term [adapted], it appears, covers the deletion of long passages and short sentences alike," said Professor Remak. "It covers the transposition of whole pages . . . changes of meaning and of fact . . . insertion of large quantities of the translator's ideas and prose . . . the introduction of a variety of errors and mistranslations . . . the successful demolition of the author's wit and style."

In the case of the *Mozart,* one of the "editors and translators" replied to the critic, virtually admitting his charges, but justifying them on the ground of wishing the book to reach a large public. The "translator and adaptor" of *Frederick the Great* replied to his critic more convincingly, setting forth the impossibility of rendering the German literally; nevertheless, he clearly went further than mere improvement of style and correction or errors, and the fact remains that his English version has an eviscerated sound.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that my third exhibit, *The Goncourt Brothers,* by André Billy, translated by Margaret R. B. Shaw (Horizon), is a wretched mangling of a good French text. Miss Shaw, who at the order of the English publisher had performed a major cutting operation (unavowed by the publishers on the book's jacket), and who had subsequently been admonished by British and American reviewers, has recently raised her voice in rather comical protest: it seems that her publisher had mangled *her!* "When I secured a copy," she wrote in an aggrieved letter to the (London) *Times Literary Supplement,* "I was not a little startled to find that a translation, with so many excisions about which I was never consulted, had been published under my name."

In each of those three cases a publisher's disingenuousness has been exposed, and in each case a translator has been rapped for abusing his function. Publishers and translators, abstain! Reviewers, continue alert! Readers, beware!

BOOKS

They Little Noted Nor Long Remembered

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

EUROPE LOOKS AT THE CIVIL WAR: AN ANTHOLOGY, edited by Belle Becker Sideman and Lillian Friedman. *Orion Press. $6*

There is a familiar version of Europe's reaction to the American Civil War: gallant support for the Union from Lancashire cotton workers, despite their own hardships; courageous sympathy expressed by some European liberals; otherwise, cold and cynical hostility on the part of the aristocracy in general, and in particular on the part of the British and French governments; contempt and derision from the London *Times* and from *Punch;* and so on.

This anthology reinforces the familiar view, and with a good deal of justification. I am not sure that the collection will appeal greatly to that hypothetical animal known as the general reader, or to the severe creature known as the specialist. It is an anthology of snippets, culled on no very coherent principle and assembled in a rough chronological order that involves confusion and repetition. The editors' annotations are frugal. Offhand comments in letters, eyewitness accounts (not strictly relevant in every case), newspaper articles, diplomatic correspondence, testimonials from the workingmen of Manchester and the students of Perugia—all are thrown into the record.

Nevertheless, a pattern emerges: well-wishers versus (and outnumbered by) ill-wishers. Some of the elements in the pattern are fairly novel, and of considerable incidental interest. There is, for instance, an ardently Confederate letter from the French poet Alfred de Vigny to a former American mistress who had gone back to live in the South. There are lazy-minded comments by Charles Darwin (like some other geniuses a dullard in his spare time), generous ones by Robert Browning, and eccentric ones by John Ruskin. There is a remarkable bitter poem by Ibsen on the death of Lincoln. There are rather flatfooted newspaper contributions by Dostoevsky, and extremely shrewd observations by Marx. As a whole, though, the anthology gives us the mixture as before; and American readers at any rate will probably feel that Europe comes out of it badly. Such spleen! Such misinformation! Such pessimism!

YET the materials are present in the anthology to provide a somewhat different emphasis. In the first place, why *should* Europeans in the 1860's have wished for a strong American Union? Discount the more odious forms of snobbery and malevolence; there still remained plausible reasons for believing that an intact United States would be more dangerous to Europe than a fragmented one. An intact America might follow the aggressive policies that Lincoln's Secretary of State Seward appeared to be advocating. It might seize Canada and Cuba, and go adventuring in Latin America. A Union permanently broken into two or more pieces would offer no such threats.

In the second place, why should Europeans have believed that the Union could ever be restored? Historical precedent, including the events of the American Revolutionary War, argued against such a supposition. Liberal sentiment held that new nationalisms were to be applauded. Men of good will in Europe might feel not only that a nationalist rising (in the shape of the Confederacy) was being suppressed, but also that the Civil War was resolving itself into a brutal stalemate. It was the most protracted and bloody af-

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fair that the world had seen since the overthrow of Napoleon. After three years of carnage there was still no sign of an end. No wonder that in February, 1864, Prosper Mérimée wrote: "The people of Aragon were said to drive nails with their heads; this same delightful exertion could be applied to the Yankees." His words had equal force a few months later as a description of the progress of Grant's divisions in the Wilderness. Moreover, such responses were not confined to Europe. For every scornful European reference to Lincoln's hesitancy and incompetence, or to the dismal sequence of Union generals in the Eastern theater, or to the inefficiency of Northern recruitment, one could find no less scathing equivalent criticisms in American newspapers. Von Moltke probably never uttered the famous opinion attributed to him, that military operations in North America were nothing more than a clash of "two armed mobs," but he might with some justification have come to such a conclusion on the evidence that was available.

THIRD, why should Europeans have believed that the Union was fighting in a noble cause? The London *Times* was prepared to think so at the beginning. Did the *Times* behave so outrageously in switching to the contention that the war was not being fought to end slavery but only to coerce the South? Americans themselves could not agree during the first half of the war on this point; and it was understandable, though hardly generous, that some Europeans should maintain that the eventual Emancipation Proclamation was a device to win the war and punish the South rather than the product of a crusading impulse. Some Europeans perceived the complexity of Lincoln's problem in dealing with slavery, and the extent to which the Union's war aims widened. The rest of Europe may be forgiven for failing to grasp such nuances, and for pouncing instead on the inconsistencies of the Northern position.

Fourth, the fact is that Europe was neutral—a stance that pleased neither the Union nor the Confederacy. It is hard for belligerents to like neutrals, or to pay much atten-

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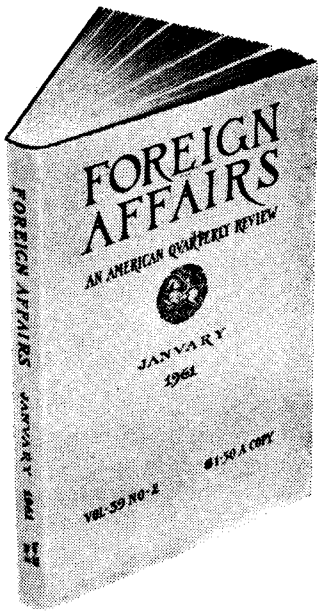

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tion to what seem to be their minor and selfish concerns. Their normality can seem disgusting. Neutrals make money. They have no casualty lists, no deprivations, no atrocities. Their editorial writers offer patronizing advice on how to do better, or sickeningly detached prophecies of woe. Or so the British and the French thought in 1914-1917 and 1939-1941. The shoe was on the other foot in 1861-1865.

Fifth and final query: why should Europe have even continued to be interested in the American Civil War, once the initial excitement had died down? It is difficult to make an anthology out of non-material. Yet if one could gauge European opinion in some less impressionistic way, growing boredom and indifference would be a factor to reckon with. The American Civil War was not the only event on the world scene. The Russians were preoccupied with the emancipation of their serfs (the original edict was issued on March 3, 1861, the day before Lincoln's inauguration) and with the Polish revolution of 1863-1864, in which the British, French, and Austrians were tempted to intervene. There was the Prussian-Austrian war against Denmark in 1864. Italy was engrossed in its own problems of unification. Outside Europe, the British were absorbed in the aftermath of the Indian Mutiny, in a gold rush and a Maori war, and a dozen other problems.

So American news receded. At a distance the struggle appeared monotonous and futile. A French cartoon (not reproduced in this book), entitled *"Le Cauchemar de 1863,"* shows a woman turning in her sleep to avoid two mutilated figures that hold up before her long papers inscribed "The News from America." She cries out: *"Ah, qu'ils m'embêtent! Ah, qu'ils m'assomment!!"* Not an admirable response, yet perhaps a more representative one than those of the articulate well-wishers or ill-wishers. Recent historians have even suggested that it may have been the main reaction of the Lancashire textile operatives. From black and white we tend to gray. The new story is more shaded than the familiar one, and possibly sadder.

Just Before The Deluge

GEORGE STEINER

The Rococo Age, by Arno Schonberger and Halldor Soehner. *McGraw-Hill. $23.50.*

This sumptuous volume of pictures, founded on the Residenz Palace exhibition in Munich in 1958, suffers from an initial flaw. Nowhere, neither in the ample preface nor in the descriptive catalogue that follows some three hundred and fifty superb plates, is an attempt made to define "rococo." Yet such definition is crucial to any grasp of the eighteenth century and of its art. The term "rococo" derives from *rocaille,* the twisted rock forms and marine-grotto incrustations which served as ornamental motifs on furniture, in paintings, gobelins, and *objets d'art.* But rococo as a style and vision signifies much more. Let me try a definition.

The rococo is that style which developed when the baroque of the late seventeenth century lost its conviction, when the vision of mythology, of ritual, and of the body politic expressed in the ceremonious grandeur of the baroque became mere convention devoid of active intellectual and psychological belief. Add to this decline of conviction a half-ironic, half-melancholy premonition of the revolutionary upheavals that were to overthrow the old regal and aristocratic order, and you have the special flavor of the rococo. Nearly in every case, the best way of getting the rococo quality into distinct focus is to set it against the baroque precedent from which it derives. At times the dates nearly overlap, but the change is unmistakable.

Thus we pass from the grandiloquent fervor of Bossuet to the private, nervous ecstasies of Fénelon; from the coherent mythology of the tragedies of Racine to the rational artifice of the dramas of Voltaire. We move from the robustness and ornateness of Dryden to the minute precision and worldliness of Pope; from Versailles to the Trianon; from the fantastic control of swirling mass in the churches and fountains of Bernini to the lacework of the Weiskirche and of the Hôtel de Soubise. Observe the change of focus in the treatment of sacred themes in the music of Handel and Haydn; the high flights of ceremonious rhetoric characteristic of the baroque are still there, but in Haydn they have gone softer, more fluid, more urbane.

These are the primary traits of the rococo; fluidity, enervation, intimacy, a certain bittersweetness of sentiment. We find them in all the masterpieces of rococo art: in the plays of Marivaux, in the paintings of Watteau, in Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte,* in the Bavarian churches of the mid-eighteenth century. We find them even where the rococo, uncharacteristically, strikes the heroic note, as in the canvases and mural paintings of Tiepolo.

Despite certain naïvely chauvinistic statements in the preface to this volume, the rococo derived its shape and dynamism almost entirely from France. It articulates the change from the self-assured, resplendent, somewhat brutal absolutism of Louis XIV to the capricious, libertine autocracy of Louis XV. The established forms of the *ancien régime* were still in force; but they were undermined by economic folly, by the advance of political and philosophic radicalism, and by the increasing self-awareness of the new bourgeoisie. As if in response to these pressures, the life of the court and of the aristocracy shifted from the public to the private domain, from the throne room to the inner apartments.

Thus much of the finest rococo style is to be seen in the furnishings of daily and intimate life. And it is here that this book is particularly illuminating. It shows examples of the cabinetwork of François Oeben and Charles Cressent. It has remarkable photographs of ornate boxes, traveling toilet cases, and china. Almost the entire period could be summed up in a three-branched girandole by Jacques Caffieri now in a private collection in Paris. The piece is wrought in gilt bronze and shows a harpy crouching on the tripod foot. From its angry maw rises one of the foliated candlesticks. But though the treatment of the metal is authoritative and the beast is of noble mythological lineage, the piece as a whole

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has precisely that unsteady grace and fragility of line which mark the rococo. It is in a medium as inherently brittle as china that rococo designers achieved their boldest effects. Among the full-color plates in *The Rococo Age* is one of a bustard, probably produced at the Scherzheim factory around 1760. The bird rears upward, tracing the inverted "S" we find in so many rococo ornaments. Every detail is taut with energy and upward thrust. Yet the soft coloration and finesse of modeling create an impression of prettiness rather than of power.

The exact balance between energy and delicacy is difficult to achieve. But they converge perfectly in Watteau, and it is he, together with Mozart, who is the supreme master of the rococo spirit. If one had to name one work in which the values of the early eighteenth century were most completely incarnate, it would be Watteau's *"Enseigne de Gersaint"* (of which, oddly enough, only a detail is reproduced here). The scene depicted, Gersaint and his family selling and packing pictures, is both intimate and public. It is filled with subtle motion, yet the different figures are poised in a kind of intricate momentary repose. The drawing is characteristic of Watteau's nervous, fluid manner and the colors have that pastel shimmer which is found also in good Meissen. In the art dealer's crate is packed a portrait of Louis XIV. That is an allusion to the name of the shop, *"Au Grand Monarque."* But it means more than that: the time for the pompous portrayals of the Sun King was past. The age of domestic elegance was at hand.

Watteau captures more than privacy and grace. He hits off exactly the shadowy intimation of ruin in the rococo mood. In melancholy, quizzical introspection, patrons and artists of the *ancien régime* foresaw the storm that was to overwhelm their world at the close of the century. Louis XV's cruel, candid avowal —"After me, the deluge"—could serve as motto for the age. We sense that deluge gathering just beyond the edge of Watteau's enchanted gardens or in the brilliant yet oddly sad sunsets of Fragonard. All these outwardly gay pastoral figures dancing in rococo paintings or Meissen statuettes

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have in them a touch of dissolution. That is their fragile spell.

Because so much of rococo art can be justly shown on a small scale, a volume such as this can do a great deal toward summing up the entire style. There is a natural overemphasis on German examples, since this is, in fact, an expanded catalogue of the Munich exhibit, and there are a number of regrettable errors and misprints in the preface. But on the whole this is a majestic piece of publishing and, in comparison with other art books, not extravagantly priced.

Mystery Writer Goes Straight

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

THE WINTER AFTER THIS SUMMER, by Stanley Ellin. *Random House. $4.95.*

My introduction to the name of Stanley Ellin was through a dazzling, grisly little story called "The Specialty of the House." It was one of those high-wire-walking pieces which are aesthetically alarming to the very last line, when you draw a breath of admiring relief as the performer nips serenely back to earth. I read some more of Ellin's macabre "mystery" stories and admiration grew; then I heard he was writing a straight novel, and became anxious.

It is peculiarly difficult for the mystery writer to make the transition. The techniques that have made him successful before—the tightness of narrative, elaboration of tension, unexpected but acceptable payoff—can wreck the realities for him when he attempts them. It is no good for him simply to transfer his skills to a straight story; he has to use them in an entirely different way, and be prepared to jettison some of them completely—no joke, if they have already made his name for him.

So I approached *The Winter After This Summer* on tenterhooks. I am still feeling the relief. It is an odd fish in contemporary American writing, a work of affirmation, of contracting in and not out. The Ivy League hero, who has let his roommate, a radiant and sickening football star, die in a fire, starts out all in pieces, flinching in horror from society and from himself. By the end of the book, by the exercise of moral force and intelligence, he has come to terms with both.

DANIEL EGAN, when his university throws him out, can't face his stuffed family. Rejected by his girl, he goes to work in the shipyards, and falls in love with a touching, dotty little girl who has married an elderly religious maniac. The girl, though Egan discovers it too late, is and always will be a vestal virgin, dedicated to the worship of the late James Dean.

When the Dean myth was broached, I blenched; yet it is finely used, raised to something timeless. There is, indeed, a touch of Homeric myth-making about the entire book, which, though occasionally faulty both in texture and design, has an emotional strength which seems to me something quite out of the common.

Mr. Ellin is variously skilled. The social range of this novel is wide. If the shipyards are somewhat more convincing than the drawing rooms, it is better that the emphasis should lie this way. When he allows the narrative (multiple first-person direct viewpoint) to pass to the James Dean girl, he shows exceptional histrionic skill. He does many things wrong, and the thriller technique gets the better of him every once in a while, but none of this is as important as the achievement—or perhaps the promise. Mr. Ellin demonstrates the capacity to tackle an enormous moral problem head-on. There is never the least doubt what he is getting at; he is not interested in making the reader play guessing games. He makes two major points. The first is through the medium of a carpenter, who says we have all been deluded by the demand that we shall love our neighbor. To love may be, and usually is, impossible; but we have to do our duty to him, whatever sort of beast he is. That is the whole of empiric religion. The second is made by Egan himself: that with the advent of Christianity man was freed, or could be, from his subservience to atavistic forces. He could, from now on, make of himself

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what he would. The thing had at least become possible.

This is precisely the kind of book modern criticism finds it hardest to deal with, since the virtue of it lies right at the core of a moral passion. There is a time to be pernickety, and a time to recognize large-scale enterprise. I found it exciting. Here is someone with a deep talent, though he has not yet fully adapted it to the new form, saying Yes, Yes, and not No, No.

Mr. Shaw's Own Eliza

GERALD WEALES

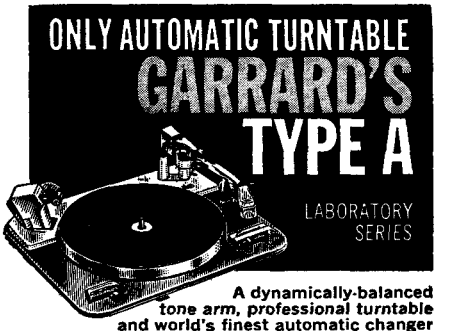
TO A YOUNG ACTRESS. THE LETTERS OF BERNARD SHAW TO MOLLY TOMPKINS, edited by Peter Tompkins. *Clarkson N. Potter. $8.50.*

This is a handsome book, a reproduction by photolithography of a collection of letters that Bernard Shaw wrote to Molly Tompkins between the years 1921 and 1949. The physical attraction lies in the crabbed clarity of his hand, still distinct and distinctive at ninety-three, a handwriting he developed, he says, in his days in a business office when he needed to make entries in a small, neat way. When he was at home in Ayot he usually typed, and the typed letters have no more visual interest, except for the inked-in corrections, than do most of the picture postcards reproduced in the volume. There are, however, several pictures of Shaw himself—these, too, on postcards—which are a pleasure to have. I cannot help feeling that there is something a bit gimmicky about the whole production, but these letters have so little to add to our knowledge of Shaw that the gimmick turns out to be the most attractive thing about the volume.

The recipient of the letters was a young American would-be actress who turned up in London in 1921 with her husband (Laurence Tompkins, the sculptor) and her young son (the editor of the letters) in tow. The Tompkinses, converts to the doctrine of Bernard Shaw (presumably his combination of socialism and creative evolution), wanted to propagate his message to a world which, they believed, had not been attentive enough. The plan was that Laurence should build a theater in which Molly could act the feminine leads of Shaw's plays. Shaw scotched that quickly enough, sending Molly to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art to learn her business and telling Laurence to get on with his sculpting.

Shaw was apparently attracted to the young Americans. He was in his sixties and they in their early twenties when they met, and Shaw immediately chose—to put it in its most romantic light—to be Higgins to Molly's Eliza. The romantic light is probably the wrong one, however, for the missing letters to Laurence would almost certainly have shown the playwright playing Pygmalion there too, judging by the advice to the husband that crops up in the letters to the wife. He was the teacher, the mentor, the counselor. He told Molly how to become an actress, how to improve her handwriting, how to become an artist, how to bring up her son, what to do about her marriage. Shaw's letters to Mrs. Patrick Campbell and to Granville Barker—much more rewarding packets incidentally—have already shown him as advice-giver; here he plays that role for a couple much younger than he and, reading between the lines, much in need of advice from someone.

The letters, I am afraid, do not really add up to much. There is no real continuity, as in the Shaw-Campbell letters, since only Shaw's half of the correspondence is left. They read well, of course, because Shaw was constitutionally unable to write badly, and there are likeable small touches: his suggestion that she hold a bat in her hand to discover what softness really is, or the news that he is learning the tango at sixty-eight because it is "the only dance left that really is a dance." There are, however, no discoveries about the man or his work. Shaw scholars may be able to make something out of a line here or there, but to most people the letters will have only the charm of newly discovered Shavian prose and of a book well made.



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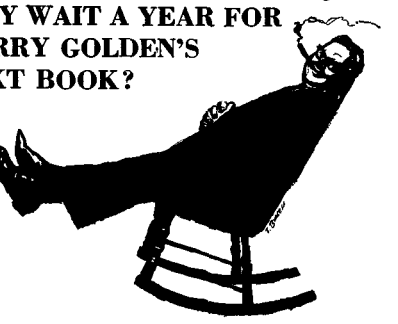
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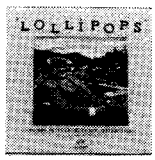

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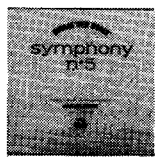

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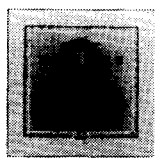

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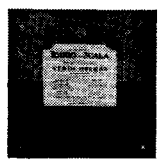

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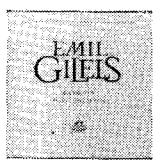

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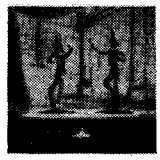

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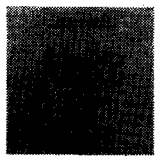

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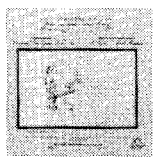
S727. FIRE-BIRD; CHILDREN'S GAMES; MOTHER GOOSE SUITE. 3 exciting works by Stravinsky, Bizet, Ravel. **$4.98; Stereo $5.98.**



726. ROMEO AND JULIET, POLOVTSIAN DANCES, NIGHT ON BALD MOUNTAIN. 3 great works by Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Moussorgsky. **$4.98.**

743. Stravinsky: PETROUCHKA. The complete score of the famous ballet. Efrem Kurtz conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra. **$4.98.**

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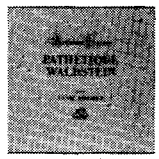
R-1

748. SCHUBERT SONGS. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sings 8 charming Schubert songs, from the gay and buoyant to the deeply tragic. **$4.98.**



746. Beethoven: PATHETIQUE and WALDSTEIN SONATAS. Hungarian pianist Annie Fischer plays two distinguished works. **$4.98.**

S733. Prokofiev: SYMPHONY NO. 5. A stunning rendition by Thomas Schippers with the Philharmonic Orchestra. **$4.98; Stereo $5.98.**

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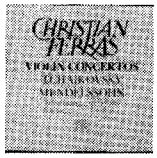

S740. Tchaikovsky: VIOLIN CONCERTO; Mendelssohn: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Christian Ferras with the Philharmonia Orch. **$4.98; Stereo $5.98.**

729. Berlioz: SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE. A striking interpretation by Herbert Von Karajan and the Philharmonia Orchestra. **$4.98.**

724. NUTCRACKER SUITE; WATER MUSIC SUITE. Two favorite works by Herbert Von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. **$4.98.**

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S741. Prokofiev: CINDERELLA. The ballet's enchanting music. Robert Irving conducts the Royal Philharmonic. **$4.98; Stereo $5.98.**

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